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THE LADY'S OWN PAPER

News of the Week,

Fashions, Fiction, Music and the Drama, Varieties, &c.

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BULWER LYTTON.

THE name of Lord Lytton, the Sir Walter Scott of the day, is perhaps the most familiar of our time in the ears of novel readers, and his wide literary reputation has been won by an amount of work that might well stagger ordinary writers, especially when his active life as a politician is considered in connexion with it. Wielding the most prolific and versatile pen of any living author, he has made his mark alike as a dramatist, poet, essayist, critic, and novelist; and though he doubtless shines most prominently in the latter capacity, yet whatever he attempts is generally characterised, if not by the very highest order of merit, at least by fair painstaking skill. Possibly, too, as with many another great name, had his fiction been less successful, his poetical and general writings might have received a higher share of public attention; but, as it is, his literary reputation is so bound up with his many brilliant novels, that it is difficult to separate them and remember that he has also won sterling honours in other directions. It is the best part of half a century since he first came before the public, and during that time there has been, as Scott said of Byron, "no reposing under the shade of his laurels—no living upon the resource of past reputation; his foot was always in the arena, his shield hung always in the lists." Or, as another writer expresses it, he "is remarkable as having sought and obtained distinction in almost every department of literature—in poetry, the drama, the historical romance, domestic novel, philosophical essay, and political disquisition." Like Cowley, too, he is memorable as having appeared as an author, in a printed volume, in his fifteenth year. The many works of Bulwer Lytton are so well known that it is scarcely necessary here even to indicate them, far less to offer any extended critical analysis, or give quotations; all it seems necessary to do, therefore, is to supply a few facts of personal history, as the advantages of his early life probably conduced not a little to his subsequent advancement.

BULWER LYTTON.
(From a Photograph by Watkins, 34, Parliament-street.)

Lord Lytton, or, to write the name in full, the Right Hon. Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton, was the third and youngest son of the late General Bulwer, of Heydon-hall, Norfolk, and was born in May, 1805. His mother, Elizabeth Barbara, the only daughter and heiress of Richard Warburton Lytton, of Knebworth, Herts, was an amiable and accomplished lady, and on her death in 1843, the subject of our sketch succeeded to her estate, and took the name of Lytton. General Bulwer preceded his wife by many years, dying in 1807, and the charge of his three sons fell, therefore, on the widow, whose care and tenderness have been thus affectionately commemorated by the most distinguished of her children: "From your graceful and accomplished taste," he writes in dedicating his works to his mother, "I early learned that affection for literature which has exercised so large an influence over the pursuits of my life; and you, who were my first guide, were my earliest critic." It may be interesting to note here, as showing the early indications of his genius, that he is reputed to have written verses when he was only five or six years old. He was educated at home by his mother, and afterwards in private schools, whence he passed first to Trinity College and subsequently to Trinity-hall, Cambridge, where he carried off the Chancellor's prize medal with his English poem on "Sculpture." During the long vacation he made pedestrian excursions over England and Scotland, and the year after he left college he travelled on horseback through a great part of France. He was by no means idle at the University, graduating B.A. in 1826, and M.A. in 1835, and at a later period Oxford, and in 1864 Cambridge, conferred on him the honorary degree of D.C.L.

Lord Lytton's strong literary bias displayed itself very early, and he first appeared in print in 1820 as the author of "Ismael," an oriental tale. His next published work, in 1825, was the prize poem on Sculpture. In the following year, according to "Men of the Time," he printed at Paris, exclusively for private circulation, fifty copies of "Weeds and Wild Flowers," a small collection of poems and of maxims or aphorisms, which has never been republished in the editions of his collected works. In 1827 he published a tale in verse, entitled "O'Neil, or, the Rebel," and "Falkland: a Love Story," both anonymously. His first great work of fiction was "Pelham, or, the Adventures of a Gentleman," which, coming out anonymously at the close of 1827, and being at first but coldly received, ere long created a great sensation, and stamped its author as a master of his art. Its eventual brilliant success was well sustained by the following novels, now all well known: "The Disowned," in 1828; "Devereux," in 1829; and "Paul Clifford," in 1830. The author's next production, in 1831, was a satirical poem, entitled, "The Siamese Twins," associated with which, in the same volume, was the charming poem of "Milton." In 1832 he gave to the world his celebrated novel of "Eugene Aram," and in 1833 "Godolphin" made its appearance, anonymously at first. It was about this time that Bulwer succeeded Campbell in the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, to the pages of which he contributed a series of papers, collected and republished in 1835 under the title of "The Student." In 1833 he published his "England and the English," and then came "The Pilgrims of the Rhine." His next work was the classical and picturesque romance of "The Last Days of Pompeii," the result of a tour in Italy. Another work of fiction, on Italian ground, of great historic interest, appeared in 1835; this was "Rienzi," the Roman Tribune of the middle ages. In the year 1831 Mr. Bulwer had entered Parliament as member for St. Ives in the Liberal interest; and in 1832 he was returned to the new Reformed Parliament as member for Lincoln, which he continued to represent till 1841, when he lost his seat, and for a considerable interval kept aloof from active political life

From this time his progress both in literature an

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politics is matter of familiar history, his works succeeding each other with marvellous rapidity. It was in 1838 that he produced the five-act comedy, *The Lady of Lyons*, which not only secured a marked success at the time, but has retained its hold of the stage ever since. *Richelieu* came out in 1839, and in the same year *The Sea Captain*; while *Money*, which also is still tolerably well known, appeared in 1840. In 1841 "Night and Morning" was published, and followed in 1842 by "Zanoni," "the well-loved work," to quote the author's own words, "of his mature manhood." The "Last of the Barons," "Lucretia," "My Novel," "What will he do with it?" and "A Strange Story" are amongst the best known of his other works of fiction; while of later essays we have "Caxtoniana;" and, as a nobly-finished work, the "Lost Tales of Miletus," published so recently as 1866, will hold a high place amongst the literature of our time.

It was soon after the accession to power of Lord Derby's third Administration in July, 1866, that Sir Bulwer Lytton was raised to the peerage, as Baron Lytton. As a Parliamentary speaker, Lord Lytton is generally acknowledged to be one of the most finished orators of the age.

THE THREE LITTLE CHAIRS.

THEY sat alone by the bright coal fire,
The grey-haired dame and the aged sire,
Dreaming of days gone by.
The tear-drops fell on each wrinkled cheek,
They both had thoughts that they could not speak,
As each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes descried
Three little chairs, placed side by side,
Against the sitting-room wall;
Old-fashioned enough as there they stood,
Their seats of flag and their frames of wood,
With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,
And, with trembling voice, he gently said:
"Mother, those empty chairs!
They bring us such sad, sad thoughts to-night,
We'll put them for ever out of sight,
In the small dark room upstairs."

But she answered, "Father, no, not yet,
For I look at them and I forget
That the children went away:
The boys come back, and our Mary, too,
With her apron on of checkered blue,
And sit here every day.

"Johnny still whittles a ship's tall masts,
And Willie his leaden bullets casts,
While Mary her patchwork sews;
At evening time three childish prayers
Go up to God from those little chairs,
So softly that no one knows.

"Johnny comes back from the billowy deep;
Willie wakes from his battle-field sleep,
To say a good-night to me;
Mary's a wife and mother no more,
But a tired child, whose play-time is o'er,
And comes to rest on my knee.

"So let them stand there, though empty now,
And, every time when alone we bow
At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above,
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth away."

ON THE CHOICE OF COLOURS.—An upholsterer should be very choice in the colours of stuffs he adopts to different varieties of wood. It is a mistake to cushion a mahogany chair with scarlet. That colour is too bright, and the mahogany beside it loses brilliancy, and becomes like walnut-wood. Many people, however, who love the colour crimson, insist upon putting it with mahogany. In these cases, to counteract the glaring effect of the assortment, it is well to put a black or a green braid on the border, where the cloth and the wood come in contact; or if not this, then an edging of yellow silk, or, better still, of gold-lace with gilt nails. Those who desire to paper their rooms anew will do well to remember that on red, crimson, and amaranth-coloured grounds, *black* looks *green*. In the same way, black upon green loses all its lustre, and *vice versa*. Orange upon red hurts the eyesight; violet upon blue looks washed out; blue upon green looks spinach colour by candle-light; and grey, as we have already said, when sorted with green, very often comes out pink. It having become a custom now-a-days to print advertisements for dead walls in all the colours of the rainbow, we may tell those speculators who are anxious that their puffs should be seen as far off as possible, that the rule to follow is, that in all cases the colour of the letters should be *complemental* to the ground on which they are printed. Black on a white ground, violet on yellow, red on green, blue on orange, will strike the eye at once. A word now to gardeners. Nothing is less brilliant than flower-beds in which the only colours to be seen are blue and white; nothing is more gaudily ugly than a garden stocked with a profusion of yellow and little else. It is very unsatisfactory also to find flowers of the same colour, but of different shades, placed near each other; and all these errors of taste should be avoided. In order that a garden may be showy and attractive, blue flowers should be placed near to dark yellow or orange; violet next to yellow; and red dahlias, roses, pinks, and geraniums should be surrounded with verdure and white. Ladies, of all persons, are most bound to use taste in their selection of colours, and we must do French women, in particular, the justice to own that they usually dress to perfection. English women, of late years, have made progress in the science or art of the "toilette." But still some grievous mistakes are at times committed on our side of the Channel; and it would be well if young ladies who study drawing would at times consult their masters on the delicate subject of blending colours. Let fair-haired beauties abstain from pink, a colour which makes them pale. Let dark-haired maidens take that colour, and remember also that no hue suits *them* so well as saffron. No colour is so well suited to chestnut hair as lapis-lazuli blue; and the *bleu d'azur*, the *Eton* blue, as it is called in London, is the true *parure des blondes*.

In Masquerade.

BY ANNA GRAHAM.

Author of "The Old Man's Story," "Too Late," &c.

CHAPTER III.

EDGAR VINCENT and his friend took their departure soon after the disappearance of Agnes and her pupils. The two young men walked on side by side for some time, neither speaking a word, each engrossed with his own reflections. At last Archibald Trentham broke the silence with an abrupt question.

"Edgar, how much longer do you mean to stay here?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "it will depend on circumstances.'

"Well, *I'm* off; this Bohemian sort of life doesn't suit me at all. I'm sick and tired of tramping over miles of hot, dusty roads and twisted lanes, where no conveyance above the dignity of a hay-waggon is to be had for love or money, encamping under an umbrella, or on the lee side of a haystack, and scrambling up hills and down ravines, and through a wilderness of woods and bracken, to see you paint crooked old trees and ruined cowsheds. I am heartily tired, too, of rusticating in inconvenient lodgings, and I shall go back to the civilised world to-morrow. We shall be nicely laughed at when we get back to town!"

"Everybody is welcome to laugh that pleases; but if you think fit to return to-morrow, I will wish you *bon voyage*."

"Why don't you go with me?"

"Because I don't wish to return."

Trentham said no more for some minutes; he fell deep into the train of thought he had been pursuing ever since the door of Acacia Lodge closed on him, but presently it culminated in the sudden exclamation—

"Edgar, this is the first time you ever gave me cause to think you a scamp."

"And do you think me one now?" inquired Vincent, so quietly that it appeared as if the implied accusation were not altogether unexpected by him.

"Well, what else can I think? Just answer me one question, man. Is, or is not, this pretty governess the magnet that keeps you at Thornleigh?"

"That question is soon answered. Yes; and a fairer magnet never drew a man's heart."

"Very likely; but what is to be the end of the affair. I know I'm not clever, like you, but I never victimised a pretty girl in my life, and I don't care to see you do it."

"Thank you for your opinion of me, Archie. What have I ever done that you should be ready to impute to me such unmitigated rascality?"

"Nothing, as I told you; but why, in the name of common sense, can't you leave the girl alone? You can't marry her."

Vincent did not answer.

"You *know* you can't," insisted Trentham, with added emphasis.

"I don't know anything of the kind," returned Vincent, flushing a little.

"Are you mad, Edgar? How can you possibly marry her? you, a——"

"Never mind what I am," he interrupted, hastily. "I don't care to be reminded of that just now."

"I think it is high time you were reminded of it. Your position as —"

"Deuce take my position," exclaimed the artist.

"And Ida, what —"

Again Vincent broke in impetuously.

"Archie, for heaven's sake hold your tongue. Let the matter rest for the present; you don't understand it. Leave me and Ida to settle it between us."

"I have done," was Trentham's half-sulky rejoinder; "your folly be on your own head."

The next day he left Thornleigh for London.

The artist stayed on in his quiet lodgings, and improved his acquaintance with the inmates of Acacia Lodge. He brought music for Caroline, drew comic sketches for the amusement of Master Leo, and discussed politics with Mr. Kingston; but all the tender glances and low-spoken words and parting pressures of the hand fell to Agnes Floyd's share.

Meanwhile Vincent was making a quiet study of her character, tastes, and mental features in general. As for Agnes, her steps were on enchanted ground now. There was a joy-light within her breast that shone out brightly, flinging a magical halo over the common ways and usages of every-day life, turning its former dull prose into poetry and its harsh dissonances into music.

But one fair evening a cloud came over her glorious sky. She had taken the children for a ramble, in which Vincent had met and accompanied her, stopping, on their return, to say "good evening" in full view of the house, which he declined entering. Agnes saw Mrs. Kingston's grave face at the window, and very grave indeed it looked.

"Will you come to the drawing-room, Miss Floyd, when the children are in bed?" she said, rather ostentatiously, "I wish to say a few words to you."

The few words proved to be these: "I am very sorry to have to speak to you on an unpleasant subject, Miss Floyd. Your attention to my children has always given me perfect satisfaction; but there is a little matter on which I must really give you a hint, and I hope you will take it kindly. I should like to see just a little more reserve in your conduct towards the gentlemen visitors here. You know nothing of the world, Miss Floyd; you are young and inexperienced, and too ready, I fear, to take their idle flatteries for far more than they are worth. I did not know until this evening that Mr. Vincent was in the habit of escorting you when you walk out with the children."

The quick crimson sprang to the face of the sensitive girl; for a few moments she stood in mingled shame and indignation, trying to frame a reply; but nature had not intended her for a heroine, and at the first attempt to speak she broke down, and hurried from the room to hide the tears that would not be repressed. The arrow had gone straight to the mark.

Was Vincent trifling with her? she asked of herself. Had she really been too ready to accept his attentions? These questions aroused her to a more thorough comprehension of her own heart. If Vincent's love were not for her, what other offering had life that would not be worthless and empty in her sight.

That night Agnes cried herself to sleep.

The next morning Mrs. Kingston entered the schoolroom with more than her usual stateliness of manner.

"Miss Floyd," she said, "Mr. Vincent wishes to see you for a few minutes in the drawing-room. He intends leaving Thornleigh to-morrow. You may probably know if he is likely to have anything of a private nature to say to you."

Agnes thought she did know, and her heart beat violently as she ran downstairs. She was angry with herself for the flush that came so hotly to her cheek when she stood face to face with Vincent, quite nullifying her attempt to look cool and unconscious, and say "Good morning" in a commonplace way.

Vincent looked a little flushed too. He had evidently not sought this interview merely to say a few ordinary words of farewell. He closed the door after Agnes on her entrance, and drew her to a seat.

"Will you sit down and listen to me for a while, Miss Floyd. I had to prefer a formal request to see you alone, and Mrs. Kingston gave me *such* a look for my boldness. I saw a cross face at the window last evening, when I left you at the gate. I am sure it was hers."

"Yes," said Agnes, smiling a little.

Somehow Mrs. Kingston's anger did not seem half so terrible now.

"Agnes—may I call you so?—do you know what I came here for this morning!"

"Was it to say good-bye?" she asked, intently studying the pattern of the carpet, for Vincent had seated himself beside her on the couch, and she could feel his eyes upon her face.

"It was to say *au revoir*. I will not say good-bye to you unless you force me to do so. Agnes, I am going home to-morrow; may I come again one day and take you back with me as my own for ever—as my wife?"

His arm had crept around her waist now, and his words were murmured softly in her ear.

"My darling, it is your sweet face that has brought me day after day to this house. I have loved you ever since I saw you first by the old church. Tell me, have you any love to give me in return; will you be my wife?"

There was no answer beyond a deeper flushing of the averted cheek, but Vincent was persevering. He took the shy, happy face between his two hands, and turned it towards his own.

"Look at me, Agnes, speak to me. Do you love me?"

"You know I do," was the naive reply, and then the pretty head slipped from his grasp. The next moment he was imprinting his thanks and raptures on her lips, after the mode most approved by lovers.

"What will Mrs. Kingston say?" wondered Agnes.

"Who cares? Tell her to look out for another governess forthwith. And now, dearest, there is another matter to be settled between us. You are a trusting little thing, Agnes. Has it never struck you that you know nothing of my family and circumstances?"

"I have scarcely thought of them," she acknowledged, frankly.

"And you will not shrink from marrying a poor man, Agnes?" questioned Vincent, with a smile; "poets and artists, you know, are proverbially poor."

"I am not afraid," answered the happy girl. "You shall see what an economical little wife I will make."

He smiled again—an odd, amused smile, with some hidden meaning behind it.

"Why do you smile?" she inquired. "Don't you think economical housekeeping possible in me?"

"What would you say if I were to tell you that I am not what you take me to be—that I have all this time been masquerading in a false character?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, quickly. "You are an artist, are you not?"

"An amateur," he answered, smiling at her in the same peculiar way; "not a professional."

"What are you, then?" she questioned, in surprise, not unmixed with a vague uneasiness.

"Will you promise not to be frightened if I tell you?" he said, laughingly.

"Yes, I think I can promise that. Whatever your profession may be, I—I—"

"What, my dearest?"

"I shall care for you just the same," she whispered.

"My own Agnes. But I must imprison you firmly before I begin the awful revelation, lest you should, after all, take fright and run away from me." And smilingly, yet very tenderly, the young man locked both arms around the girl at his side.

She would have felt real alarm but for his reassuring smile.

"Do tell me what you mean," she pleaded, expecting she scarce knew what. "Perhaps I do not even know your real name."

"In part you do; shall I tell you in full?"

"Certainly."

"Edgar Vincent Temple, Earl of Westmoor."

With a cry she broke from his arms, and stood regarding him in stupified, half-credulous amazement.

He laughed—he really could not help it.

"My dear Agnes, don't look so dreadfully frightened. Is Lord Westmoor more formidable or less loveable than the artist?"

"You are jesting with me," gasped Agnes.

"I am not, indeed; I have told you the truth. Had I been born to a humbler station in life I should have been a professional artist; as it is, I find my greatest pleasure in making sketching tours *incog.* in search of lovely little bits of scenery which nobody else has thought of painting; my friend, Lord Trentham, often accompanying me. At last my good angel brought me to Thornleigh, where I found you, my beautiful wild rose."

She leaned against the wall, pale and faint.

Springing up, Lord Westmoor caught her to his breast, and rained passionate kisses on lips, cheek, and brow.

"My Agnes, what is this?" he said, in tones of tender reproach. "Am I no longer loveable?"

"We must part, my lord," she said, faintly. "I am only a governess—I cannot be your wife."

"Nonsense, dear, why not? You are a lady in education, in deportment, in mental culture; you have a sensibility and refinement of nature, an innate grace and loveliness that I have vainly sought in many a high-born woman. Darling, will it be such a terrible thing to wear a coronet?"

"But your friends, what will they say?"

"I have none who can control me in the least. Like you, I am an orphan. I have written about you to my sister Ida, and she advised me to consult my own heart on the matter. She thought I might be safely trusted to choose for myself, you see. Come, smile again, Agnes mine. It is not every young lady who would look so dismayed at the prospect of becoming a countess."

It may be presumed that Lord Westmoor's argument was conclusive, for Agnes did smile; and before he left her he had won from her a promise to bear his name and title in a few weeks.

Lady Ida, who, in answer to her brother's letter eulogistic of the young governess, had really said a great deal more than he deemed it at all politic to reveal to his shrinkingly sensitive yet proud *fiancée*, was, in the first interview, completely won over by her gentleness and refined beauty, and quite ready to admit that a fairer or a more winsome countess had never graced the ancient house of Westmoor.

Agnes bore her new honours well, and her noble husband told her that he had never felt really proud of his coronet until he saw it glittering on her head.

As for Mrs. Kingston, of Acacia Lodge, she is never weary of talking about her "dear young friend the Countess of Westmoor."

THE END.

For Better, for Worse.

By MARGARET HOPE,

Author of "Many Shades of Life," &c.

CHAPTER I.

"MY dear, I think we really must give a dance next month. Lily has been to a dozen parties at least, and we have not returned one."

"Bless me, and a dinner *à la Russe* next week. I shall be ruined!"

"Now, Fred., it's senseless to talk like that. Can we decently go out and not ask people back?"

"Well, I suppose not; but I know inviting me out to dinner is like asking a postman to take a long walk. I'm tired of cold cod, greasy mutton, and insipid *entrées*."

"How particular you get!"

"Not at all. I'm always satisfied with a chop or cutlet at my own table; but to come home worn and wearied from the City and have to dress and sometimes drive miles to eat a bad dinner, and drink wine that unfits for work the next day, is, I protest, no pleasure to me."

"But how are we to keep up our circle if we don't do it?"

"Well, possibly, we might judiciously narrow that circle."

"Oh, really," pettishly responded Mrs. Williams, "one is to give up one's friends and one's life's work, just as it is beginning to bear fruit, because you are sleepy in the evening."

"You are unjust, Anne. I wish to give up no real friend, but only some of the acquaintances, and for whom I, at least, don't care. I have told you often of late that things are very bad in the City, and we spend too much money."

"I never in my life said I wished to do anything requiring your assistance that you did not try to make me miserable. I don't hear other people complain of bad times; and it must be only stinginess that causes you to raise such objections when I am simply asking for what is needful to keep up our proper appearance for the sake of the children."

"There, there," replied the vanquished husband, "don't worry me; do as you like, only let the affair be as little expense as possible."

"Of course I shall be careful about that; bu Lily wants a new dress or two, and some other trifles. Will you write me a cheque?"

"For how much?"

"I cannot make less than fifty pounds do."

"It's quite impossible to give you so much now," he continued, with a sort of groan; "it is only ten days since you had a hundred for dress. You must make twenty do."

"Well, if I must, I must; but what is twenty pounds for two or three dresses and an opera cloak, and no end of little things. I feel anxious Lily should look her best, for I fancy Arthur Arkroyd is thinking of her."

"You don't say so! I hope you are mistaken."

"And why, pray?"

"He will expect a fortune with her, and I cannot give her anything."

"All you will have to do will be to inquire into *his* means. If he asks you anything about yours, say what you have to give will be left in your will."

"I am not sure but that it would be raising false expectations. I often wish, Anne, we had never left the Terrace, but had lived quietly there till this day. If we had done so, I should have been a rich man now, and been able to give Lily a fortune as well as the others, as they came out."

"Nonsense, they have a position in life they never could have attained had we continued to live in that narrow style."

"A style yet far beyond what was necessary for our parents; rather beyond, too, that in which my brother-in-law has grown rich, and in which I certainly found more comfort and happiness than that in which we now live."

Mrs. Williams sighed and said, "I have devoted all my energies, continually making great sacrifices of my own ease, towards the maintaining of a position equal to our neighbours, and this is all the reward I get."

"If I blame you," Mr. Williams said, wearily, "I blame myself still more that I did not check the small beginnings. However, let us do what we can to moderate expenses now." So saying, he handed his wife the cheque, and she went to her daughter, whom she found in the morning-room intent on a novel.

"Now, Lily," she said, "I have coaxed papa to give the ball, and got a little cheque; so we will go into town at once and get your dresses."

"All right, mother. Cook has just been up for orders. I told her to have something nice for our dinner, and give the schoolroom the cold mutton."

"Dear me, I shall have Miss Smith grumbling again; they've had cold meat all the week, I think."

"How tiresome of her; I'm sure it's very nice with pickles. I remarked to cook, we'd not had salmon for ages, and wasn't it in now? and she laughed, and said perhaps I'd like lamb too!"

"Well, dear, one would be almost as costly as the other in January, and papa has just been grumbling so at expenses and the bad times, that we must only have such luxuries when we have company. There, run and get dressed, and we'll give the order at Roux for the dinner next week. I mean it all to be well done, just to show those Newmans we can manage an *à la Russe* as well as they. I shall let Roux do the thing entirely; it will be cheaper in the end."

"And save all the trouble," chimed in Lily, in a very pre-occupied tone of voice.

"Come, come," said Mrs. Williams, "the morning is slipping away; and you don't go to get ready."

"Do sit down a minute, mother. I've something very particular to tell you. You know Mr. Arkroyd took me down to supper last night, and among other things he asked me, could I live on five hundred a year."

"And what did you say?"

"That I'd no notion; that I supposed it was awfully little; and he said he was frightened, and afraid I was extravagant. I did not wish him to think that, you know, because—"

"You like him, child."

"Well, yes, mother; very much. And of course, if other people could live on it, we could. He's coming in to talk to you and papa to-night; and please mind, I'd have him if he had only five hundred shillings in the world!"

"I think, my dear, it is well you have parents less romantically inclined, and who certainly will not see you sacrificed. Five hundred a year may seem a large sum to you, but in these days it is really a small income."

"Oh, mother, don't be dreadful. I don't care for riches, and I know Arthur would make me happy."

"Well, well, we shall hear what papa says."

. . . . . .

Arthur Arkroyd was very much in love with pretty Lilian Williams, and when he formally proposed for her that evening, hesitated only just a little as he mentioned the limit of his income, and a faint sigh escaped him when Mr. Williams said, "I cannot give her anything; she will share what I leave with the others." He loved the girl too well not to be glad to take her on any terms, but from the appearances Mr. Williams kept up he had been led to hope she would have some fortune, and he said to himself it would have been better if she had had just a little—say enough for her personal expenses. But, without any sign of disappointment, he went up to Lily, and claimed her for his very own, never thenceforward saying one word to her as to ways and means.

(*To be continued.*)

A correspondent, writing from St. Petersburg, describes the "blinni" that are eaten so plentifully at the great spring carnival-fair of Russia. They are small round cakes of buckwheat flour, something between a crumpet and a pancake, served up hot, and eaten with fresh caviare, or with butter, or with sour cream, or with all three together, as taste may direct. During its appointed season the new delicacy is paramount; whether you dine with a Cabinet Minister, or make a sixpenny lunch at a "Kophé Restaurant"—in princely mansions, in second-class hotels, in humble tea-houses, in the very stalls at the street corner, the all-pervading dainty makes its appearance; and a most levelling dainty it is, common alike to prince and peasant, to capitalist and cabman.

Essays and Sketches.

CHARMING WOMEN.

(From the *Saturday Review.*)

THERE are certain women who are invariably spoken of as charming. We never hear any other epithet applied to them. They are not said to be pretty, nor amiable, nor clever, though they may be all three, but simply charming; which we may take as a kind of verbal amalgam, the concentration and concretion of all praise. The main feature about these charming women is their intense feminality. There is no blurring of the outlines here; no confusion of qualities admirable enough in themselves, but slightly out of place considering the sex; no Amazonian virtues, which leave one in doubt as to whether we have not before us a youth in petticoats, rather than a soft or tender woman. A charming woman is woman all over, one who places her glory in being a woman, and has no desire to be anything else. She is a woman rather than a human being, and a lady rather than a woman.

One of her characteristics is the softness and exquisite grace of her manner, which so sweetly represents the tender nature within. She has not an angle anywhere. If she were to be expressed geometrically, Hogarth's Line of Beauty is the sole figure that could be used for her. She is flowing, graceful, bending in mind as in body; she is neither self-asserting nor aggressive, neither rigid nor narrow; she is a creature who glides gracefully through life, and adjusts herself to her company and her circumstances in a manner little less than marvellous; working her own way without tumult or sharpness, creeping round insuperable obstacles, and quietly wearing down more friable opposition with that gentle persistency which does so much more than turmoil and disturbance. Even if she is enthusiastic—which she is for art, either as music, as painting, or as poetry—she is enthusiastic in such a sweet and graceful way, that no one can be offended by a fire which shines and does not burn. There is no touch of scorn about her, and no assumption of superior knowledge. She speaks to you, poor ignorant Philistine, with the most flattering conviction that you follow her in all her flights; and when she comes out, quite naturally, with her pretty little bits of recondite lore or professional technicalities, you cannot be so boorish as to ask for an explanation of these everyday matters, which she makes so sure you must understand. Are you not an educated person with a soul to be saved, and can you then be ignorant of things with which every one of culture is familiar? She discourses confidentially of musicians and painters unknown to fame, and speaks as if she knew the secret doings of the Conservatoire and the R. A. council-chamber alike. The models and the methods, the loves and the hates, of the whole artistic world are to her things of everyday life, and you cannot tell her that she is shooting her delicate shafts wide of the mark, and that you know no more of what she means than if she were talking in the choicest Arabic. If she has been abroad—and she generally has been more or less—she will pour out her tender little rhapsodies about palazzi and ville, of which you have never heard, but every room of which she assumes you know by heart; and she will speak of out-of-the-way churches, and grim old castles perched upon vine-clad mounts, as if you were as well acquainted with them as with your native hamlet; and she will bring into her discourse all manner of Italian technicalities, as if you understood the subject as well as she herself understands it; though your learning is limited to a knowledge of how much was done in jute and tallow, or how many pockets of hops went off in the market last week.

If she has a liking for high life and titles—and what charming woman has not?—she will mention the names of all manner of counts and dukes and monsignori unknown to English society, as though they were her brothers; but if you were to interrupt the gentle ripple of her speech with such rude breakwaters as "who?" and "what?" the charming woman would think you a horrid bore, and no man would willingly face that. One may be a rhinoceros in one's own haunts, but, as the fable tells us, even rhinoceroses are ashamed of their parentage when among gazelles. Never self-asserting, never contradictory, only sweetly and tenderly putting you right when you blunder, the charming woman nevertheless always makes you feel her superiority. True, she lays herself, as it were, at your feet, and gives you a thousand delicate flatteries—indeed, among her specialities is that of being able to set you on good terms with yourself, and her art of subtle flattery; but despite her own self-abasement and your exaltation you cannot but feel that she is your superior, and that although she is too charming to acknowledge what would wound your pride, yet she sees it too, and tries to hide it; all which has the effect of making you admire her still more for the grace and tact she has displayed.

The charming woman is generally notoriously in love with her husband, who is almost always inferior to her in birth, acquirements, manner, or appearance. This affection of hers only shows her feminine qualities of sacrifice and wifely devotion to greater advantage, and makes other men envy more ferociously the lucky fellow who has drawn such a prize. The husband of a charming woman is indeed lucky in the world's esteem; no one more so. Though he may be one of the ordinary, perhaps unpleasant fellows you know, with a sour face, an underbred air, and by no means famous in his special sphere, his wife speaks of him enthusiastically as so good, so clever, so delightful; no one knows how good he is, she says, though of course he has his little peculiarities of temper, and the rest of it, and perhaps everyone would not bear with them as she does. But then she knows him, and knows his wonderful worth and value! If they are not seen much together, that comes from causes over which they have no control, not from anything like disinclination to each other's society. Certainly, for so happy a marriage, it is a little surprising how very seldom they are together; and how all her friends are hers only and not his, and how much she goes into society without him.

On the whole, counting hours, they live very much more apart than united; but that is the misfortune of his career, of his health, or of hers—a misfortune due to any cause but that of diversity of tastes and inharmoniousness of pursuits. Full of home affection and the tenderest sentiment as she is, the charming woman does sometimes the oddest-looking things, which a rough little domestic creature without graceful pretensions would not dream of doing. Her child is lying dangerously ill, perhaps dying, and she appears at the grand ball of the season, subdued certainly—how well that sweet melancholy becomes her!—but always graceful, always thoughtful for others, and attentive; and though indeed, she will tell you, she does not know how she got dressed at all, she is in such a state of cruel anxiety, yet she is undeniably the best dressed woman in the room, and the most carefully appointed. It is against her own will that she is there, you may be sure, but she has been forced to sacrifice herself, and tear herself away for an hour. The exigencies of society are so merciless—the world is such a terrible Juggernaut, she says, raising her eyes with plaintive earnestness to yours in the breathing times of the waltz. She has another trial if her husband is ordered out to Canada or the West Indies. Dearly as she loves him, and though she is heartbroken at the idea of the separation, yet her health cannot stand the climate, and she must obey her doctor's orders. She is so delicate, you know, and the doctor tells her she could not live six months either in Toronto or Port Royal. If he had to go on diplomatic service to St. Petersburg or Madrid, she might be able to stand the climate then; but that is different. A dull station, without any of her favourite pleasures, would be more than she could bear; so she remains behind, goes out greatly into society, and writes her husband tender and amusing letters once a month.

The charming woman is the gentlest of her sex. She would not do a cruel thing, nor say an unkind word, for the world. When she tells you the unpleasant things which ill-natured people have said of your friends or hers she tells them in the sweetest and dearest way imaginable. She is so sure there is not a syllable of truth in it at all; and what a shame it is that people should be so ill-natured! In the gentle tone of sympathy and deprecation peculiar to her, she gives you all the ugly and uncomfortable reports that have come to her, of which you have never heard a breath until this moment; yet it is you who are stupid, for she tells them to you as if they were of patent notoriety to the whole world; only she does not believe them, remember! She takes the most scrupulous care to deny and defend as she retails, and you cannot class her with the tribe of the ill-natured whom she censures, setting, as she does, the whole strength of her gentle words and generous disbelief to oppose these ugly rumours. Yet you wish she had not told you. Her disclaimers springs so evidently from the affectionate amiability of her own mind, which cannot bear to think evil, that they have not much effect upon you. The excuse dies away from your memory, but the ill-savoured report roots, and you feel that you have lost your respect for your former friends for ever; or, if they were only hers, that nothing should tempt you to know them. There is no smoke without some fire, you think; and the charming woman cannot possibly have kindled the flame herself out of sticks and leaves and rubbish of her own collecting. But how sweet and charitable she was when she told you! how much you love her for her tenderness of nature! what a guileless and delightful creature she is!

The charming woman is kind and graceful, but she does not command the stronger virtues. She flatters sweetly, but, it must be confessed, she fibs as sweetly. She sometimes owns to this, but only to fibs that do more good than harm—fibs into which she is forced for the sake of peace and to avoid mischief. It is a feminine privilege, she says; and men agree with her. Truth at all times, bold, uncompromising, stern-faced truth, is coarse and indelicate, she says; a masculine quality, as little fitted for women as courage or great bodily strength. Her husband knows that she fibs; her friends at times find her out too; but though the women throw it at her as an accusation, the men accept it as a quality without which she would be less the charming woman that she is; and not only forgive it, but like her the better for the grace and tact and suppleness she displays in the process of manufacture. Hers are not the severer virtues, but the gentler, the more insinuating; and absolute truth—truth at any price and on all occasions—does not come into the list.

Charming women, with their plastic manners and non-aggressive force, always have their own way in the end. They are the women who influence by unseen methods, and who shrink from any open display of power. They know that their *métier* is to soothe men, to put them on good terms with themselves, and so to get the benefit of the good humour they induce; and they dread nothing so much as a contest of wills. They coax and flatter for their rights, and consequently they are given privileges in excess of their rights; whereas the women who take their rights, as things to which they are entitled without favour, lose them and their privileges together. This art of self-abasement for future exaltation is one which it is given only to few to carry to perfection, but no woman is really charming without it. In fact, it is part of her power; and she knows it. Though charming women are decidedly the favourites with men, they are careful to keep on good terms with their own sex; and in society you may often see them almost ostentatiously surrounded by women only, whom they take pains to please, or exert themselves to amuse, but whom they throw into the shade in the most astonishing way. Whatever these really charming women are, or do, or wear, is exactly the right thing; and every other woman fails in proportion to the distance she is removed from this model. If a charming woman is dressed richly, the simpler costumes of her friends look poor and mean; if she is *à la bergère*, the Court dresses about her are vulgar; if she is gay, quietness is dulness; if she is quiet, laughter is coarse. And there is no use in imitating her. She is the very Will-o'-the-Wisp of her circle, and no sooner shows her light here than she flirts away there; she has no sooner set one fashion, which her admiring friends have adopted with infinite pains and trouble, than she has struck out a new one, which renders all the previous labours in vain. This is part of her very essence; and the originality which is simply perfection that cannot be repeated, and not eccentricity that no one will imitate, comes in as one of the finest and most potent of her charms. When she lends her patterns to her friends, or tells them that or this little secret, she laughs in her heart, knowing that she has shown them a path they cannot possibly follow, and raised up a standard to which they cannot attain. And even should they do either, then she knows that, by the time they have begun to get up to her, she will be miles away, and that no art whatever can approximate them to her as she is. What she was she tosses to them as a worn-out garment; and remains still the unapproachable, the inimitable, the charming woman *par excellence* of her set, whom none can rival.

Gossip from Ireland.

By Emerald Green.

"Well, I think it's an out-and-out shame," cried a poor countryman of ours, the other day, "and a piece iv downright bad management, that we should have no moon in a dark night."

This luminous observation reminds us of a snatch of a song which we once heard a true-born Milesian singing, with evident appreciation of its justice and sense. It ran thus:—

Och success to the moon for a brave, noble crayture,
That serves us for lamplight each night in the dark,
Whilst the sun shines by day, which accordin' to nayture
Needs no light at all, as you all may remark.

It was the same practical philosopher who a short time ago confided to us his profound conviction that a cat's head was all a mistake. Cats should have been born with bills like birds, instead of the jolly, round snub noses they have. They could then have poked into ratholes, and dragged forth mice by the tails. This was all very original, to be sure, and very acute, but we tried to apologise for poor old Dame Nature, by reminding him that she had indeed done her best in providing something to suit his views in that compromise between the cat and the bird—the owl.

To a Southern wig and gown we are indebted for the following. Limerick is the second assize town of the Munster Circuit. It is greatly improved since the days when O'Connell first went round. It is situated in a rich and fertile valley, which is watered by the mighty Shannon. The scenery along the river to Castle Dermott, by the falls of Doonass, is extremely picturesque. Near this latter place there resided, many years ago, a gentleman named Flatley. He occupied a spacious house, with a green lawn sloping to the Shannon, and embosomed in trees. It looked the picture of comfort. He was a social, hospitable man, and having a number of friends among the members of the Munster bar, he used to entertain them constantly during the assizes. Everything internally was in keeping with the exterior, and this was faultless. One of the counsellors, a young fellow called Ned Lysaght, one day jokingly rallied the host on not having a wife to share all these domestic comforts. The bachelor blushed, and replied, with a sigh:—

"I do not deny my wish to change my condition, but such is my timidity that I never can muster up courage to propose. A refusal would be the death of me."

"Oh, if that's all," rejoined the wit, coolly, "don't hesitate; if you go down and ask one of those fair Limerick girls *boldly*, she never will refuse you *Flatley*."

It was in the environs of this city, by the way, that Garryowen, or Owen's Garden, was situated. It was as celebrated as Donnybrook was for the citizens of Dublin, or Blarney still is for the natives of Cork. "It was a sylvan haunt," says our authority, "where revelry and hilarity held high court. Freedom from arrest for debt may be fairly anticipated where no credit is given, and this, according to the song, was the case with Garryowen.

'Tis there we'll drink the nut-brown ale,
And pay the reckoning on the nail;
No man for debt shall go to jail
From Garryowen. La Gloria!

But the glory of Garryowen, like other glories in this transitory world, passed away, and it is now chiefly remembered as having been the scene of the opening of Gerald Griffiths' admirable novel, "The Collegians." It will scarcely be necessary to remind our readers that the popular drama called *The Colleen Bawn* is founded on this story, which had its origin in a case tried at the Limerick Assizes.

From the letter of a kindhearted, genial Irish pater we quote the following, in the belief that some other pater or mater, uncle or aunt, may adopt his plan of teaching the young idea how to scrawl upon paper. We really think the idea very good. He says: "Johnny takes great delight in writing to his mamma, who is away at present on a visit—that is, he dictates, I write in pencil, and he covers it accurately with a pen. It gives him an idea of writing, and I think he will achieve it sooner than by the ordinary process. When a letter arrived for himself, in reply to one of his letters, from his mother, he gave the postman a cheer, and came running up to me in high glee."

Somehow a prayer, which was intended for a very different personage, has wandered out of Notre Dame, Paris, and over to us. It was murmured by a rosy little grisette, who was kneeling before the flaming taper which she had just lighted in honour of her favourite saint. It strikes us it is intensely Irish in its naive phraseology. Here it is: "Oh beloved St. Joseph, grant me a good husband, plenty of ironing, shirt collars without starch, and charcoal without smoke. To my dear old aunt an easy death, and *all these blessings as quickly as may be.*"

We were present the other night when a new kind of telegraphic communication was proposed. The object to be gained over that at present in operation was increased rapidity in transit. It was maliciously suggested by one or two of those natural enemies of ours, the men, and as indignantly repudiated by one or two of ourselves on the part of the women. The proposal was this—to place a line of women, say at ten paces distant from each other, then communicate the intelligence to be conveyed to the first as a profound secret, and depend upon its reaching the other end with unfailing regularity, and in an incredibly short space of time.

"Give my love to all at home," said a poor girl, writing to her friends, through us, the other day. "And as for yourself," she affectionately added, "you may jist stick it on in lumps." "And now, my dear young lady," says another, an elderly woman and *ci-devant* follower, "having ended my letter, I beg to subscribe myself [evidently with full confidence in the just application of the word] *yours most respectably*, Molly Maguire."

The Romance of Flowers.

Compiled by Georgiana C. Clark.

Part IV.

The Anemone.—The narcissus, of which we spoke last week, is not the only flower over which the tender-hearted amongst the Grecian maidens of old sighed as they called to mind a youth at once destroyed and rendered immortal by love. The narcissus naturally suggests the anemone and the transformation of the beautiful Adonis, changed by Venus, who loved him, into the flower, after he had been killed by the wild boar wounded by him in the chase. His blood, too, first falling on the flower changed it from white to red.

The white anemone in floral language is the emblem of sickness. With the Romans it was a favourite flower for wreaths. Four kinds of anemones are indigenous to Britain, and the white species grows in great abundance in Cane or Ken wood, between Hampstead and Highgate, in April or May, according to the season. This is known by the name of the wood anemone, has a sweet, faint perfume, fades almost as soon as gathered, and signifies sympathy in sickness. Mason calls anemones

That veteran troop that will not for a blast
Of nipping air, like cowards quit the field.

And Ovid adds these beautiful lines to the story of Adonis:—

Still here the fate of lovely forms we see,
So sudden fades the sweet anemone—
The feeble stems to stormy blasts a prey,
Their sickly beauties droop and pine away.
The wind forbids the flowers to flourish long,
Which owe to winds their name in Grecian song.
—*Eusden's Translation.*

The Hyacinth and the Harebell.—The hyacinth, with its graceful bells and rich perfume, is a fitting companion for the last-named flower, not only because it blooms simultaneously, and even amongst the pale anemone in its sylvan retreat, but because, like that and the narcissus, it is claimed by the poets for the immortal portion of the youth Hyacinthus, transformed by the jealousy of the winds because he preferred the sun.

Double hyacinths are cultivated in Holland, and it takes five years to raise them from the seeds fit for market. The first kind reared is extinct; it was called "The Mary," and raised by Peter Voerhelm, who next produced "The King of Great Britain," the oldest kind we have, and introduced about the beginning of the last century.

Some writers seem to confound the hyacinth or bluebell with the harebell. The former will be found growing wild, of a full, rich, violet-shaded blue, redolent with the most exquisite perfume, in the wood or the hedge where the situation is shaded, yet a little raised, amidst plenty of grass, whose appearance seems to indicate rich soil. Plenty of long, wax-like leaves, and a thick, wax-like stem, with a cluster of bells whose partially-parted petals turn gracefully backwards, distinguish it, as they do its cultivated sisters. The harebell grows on the heath and in almost barren places, preferring, however, the moist spots. One single bell-shaped flower, more than twice as large as the blossom of the hyacinth, droops on a wire-like stalk without a leaf—one by itself—always in solitude, and of a pale grey azure. The petals do not curl backwards, nor are they wax-like, but delicately thin as tissue paper, and it possesses no scent. In the language of flowers the blue hyacinth expresses constancy, the harebell solitude. The former blooms in April and May; the latter much later. In Cane wood and on Hampstead-heath the reader may test the truth of these observations, for—

I know each lane and every alley green,
Dingle, or bosky dell of the wild wood,
And every bosky bourne from side to side;
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood.
—*Comus.*

An annual ceremony was held in Laconia by the ancient Greeks to commemorate the death of Hyacinthus. Crowns of these graceful wreaths were worn by young virgins when celebrating the marriages of their friends.

Homer has sung the praises of all shades of this flower, and Ovid says:—

Nor are the Spartans, who so much are famed
For virtue, of their Hyacinth ashamed;
But still with pompous woe and solemn state,
The Hyacinthian feasts they celebrate.

It is not likely a flower so sweet in its simplicity and so touching in its solitude as the harebell would be overlooked by the immortal bard of Stratford, who spent half his life in woods and fields. He has strewn it thus gracefully upon the memory of lovely and beloved youth:—

With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face—pale primrose; nor
The azure harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Outsweetened not thy breath.
—*Cymbeline.*

(*To be continued.*)

Unpleasant Relations

ACCORDING to the *Leader*, there are very few men—and the same, we suppose, would also apply to women—who are lucky enough to have no unpleasant relations. Somehow or other some member of one's family is sure to go and do something terribly shocking; and the consequences of one act of indiscretion reproduce themselves in an infinity of directions. Perhaps one's uncle marries his cook, who is a very vulgar woman, with a passion for yellow satin. You cannot throw uncle and cook together overboard. The ties of kindred must be respected, to say nothing of the legacies which are likely to crop up in the old gentleman's will. The uncle has dined at your table before; when you ask him now the cook must come. Perhaps you have guests who never saw your uncle nor his wife; and you writhe in silent agony as you perceive them watching that amiable woman lifting fish to her mouth with a knife, and wiping her lips with a pocket handkerchief. Probably she takes upon her to pronounce a judgment upon some dish, and remark to the servant what ought to have been done with it before it came up. This is an extreme case, doubtless, but it is typical of the discomfort which is unavoidably connected with having relations at all. It is not given to any family to have all its members circumspect and prudent. There will be a black sheep somewhere, and he is sure to make his appearance where he is least wanted. No position is so secure that it may not be made ridiculous by the actions of outsiders. A year or two ago we began to imagine that all the brothers of the Emperor of Austria were determined to marry actresses. It is not long since a Russian prince did run away with one of these too charming young ladies, and had very nearly committed himself. What the marrying of an actress is to a royal family, the marrying of an ill-tempered or ill-educated woman is to a family of the *plebs*. Nor is it necessary to produce the most painful domestic ruptures and annoyances that the wife herself should be the culprit. She may be an angel—graced with the sweetest of tempers, the most charming of dispositions, and an extreme culture of manner. It is enough if her mother be what she is not. In that case the husband finds himself wholly at a disadvantage. He cannot remonstrate with his wife because her mother says "Enry." The mother dropped her h's before the daughter was born. In like manner the daughter may be the gentlest of beings, and the mother the most vixenish of shrews. Yet, so far as the woman's temper is merely a natural failing, against which she never had a remedy, who is to blame her? If you ask her to dine with you, you can only hope that she will not get into a passion with one of your guests, and then go sobbing into the drawing-room. But what we are inclined to regard as the crowning offence in a relation is a want of delicacy. A bad temper is a bad thing; but your friends see that the failing is personal to the old lady, and may charitably forgive it. It does not compromise you in any very marked way. Then if your uncle does marry his cook, you have only to explain the position of affairs, and it is the uncle who suffers commiseration. But when you are linked to people who lack delicacy of perception, the results are never calculable. They may compromise you at every turn. They may spread reports, in quite good faith, which will make you or your wife wince for a week. They may mention family matters among strangers in the most innocent way, and spread mischief while they fancy they are indulging in friendly chat. Once intimate with such people, you never know to what the intimacy may not lead. Persons who want delicacy of feeling have no idea when silence is graceful and befitting. They have no notion of the occasional need of reticence. Confidence and trust are incomprehensible abstractions to them, and what ought to be a family secret they will innocently reveal, with the best of intentions. And this want of delicacy generally accompanies vulgarity—vulgarity of manner, and speech, and dress. If they could be disassociated we should prefer the vulgar person to the ignorantly indiscreet person.

Nor do we mean to say that every family is necessarily living a life of hypocrisy because it does not want its affairs talked about. There are plenty of cupboards without skeletons; but that is no reason why everyone should be told the price of the plates and saucers which take the place of the skeleton. It is not necessary that an indiscreet person should publish some profound and terrible family scandal in order to constitute herself a nuisance. There are, in every-day life, a dozen different things which it is not desirable should be spoken of freely before acquaintances and strangers; and if you have visiting your house one of these incomprehensibly obtuse relatives, afflicted with a tendency towards gadding and gossip, it is impossible to say how many silly reports may not, the next day, be in circulation among your acquaintances. Does any man desire to have it known how much money he gives his wife weekly for housekeeping expenses? There may be no reason why he should be ashamed to have it known; and yet the person of delicacy, becoming aware of the fact, would never dream of repeating it. Suppose a mother-in-law gets to know that her son has made some very fatal speculation, and lost three-fourths of his money. If she is not a prudent person, she is as likely as not to go to some of her friends, and, bewailing her daughter's loss, lament that "John is so very reckless, and has nearly beggared himself and poor Letty." In one respect this dulness of perception, or lack of delicacy, is the result of want of education; and want of education generally accompanies vulgarity; so that the gossipping relation is likely to be a vulgar relative as well. In that case he or she is sure to cultivate the acquaintance of your private friends—however much a proper self-respect might deprecate the forcing of an unwilling intimacy; and then these friends are treated not only to a description of your affairs, but to an exhibition of the sort of people who are, as they imagine, your relatives. One such *bête noir* is sufficient to gain for a man the reputation of having "married into a bad lot," or of "belonging to a queer set of people." The garrulity and bad taste and vulgarity of this particular relation are taken as a sample of the rest; and people wonder how Mr. Green could have chosen a wife from the daughters of Heth, or how he had so artfully concealed, and for so long a time, his own extraction.

There remains to be considered the attitude which a man ought to hold towards his unpleasant relations. That must depend on his own disposition. If he has a wise disregard for what people say of him, he need not make matters worse by quarrelling with his relatives because their loquacity or stupidity has placed him in a false position. Let him bravely confront the ridicule attendant upon having a father-in-law who gets tipsy at dinner, or a mother-in-law who is not particular about the tenses of her verbs. If he be of a philosophic turn of mind, he will understand that the dropping of h's may accompany the finest moral qualities; and he will not consider a woman abandoned because her mother conferred on her a tendency to talk too much. But if, on the other hand, he is sensitive as regards social criticism, he ought to withdraw entirely from the society of his unpleasant relations.

Tact and Temper.*

BY A WOMAN.

THERE is no country and no age in which we women have not been accused of craft, falsehood, and treachery extra to the craft, falsehood, and treachery of ordinary humanity. Dalilahs who paralyse men's strength, then give them up shorn and bound into the hands of the Philistines; Viviennes who coax from them the secrets which are their power, then turn their knowledge against them for destruction; Lucrezia Borgias, betraying with a smile, poisoning with a kiss; Brinvilliers', making deadly experiments on the wretches feigned to be nursed with such seraphic self-devotion—who does not know the roll-call of deceitful woman? Even Judith, self-consecrated to patriotic vengeance, could find no better means than seducing to her love the man she designed to slay; while Jael, granting the security of her tent to the fugitive, then murdering him at the most sacred moment of his helplessness, has passed into a proverb when one wishes to express the utmost treachery possible to human nature. And the charge is true to a certain extent. We may as well confess it frankly—we women are not, as a race, truthful or straightforward.

Melancholy as this fact is, it is not to be wondered at, all things considered; for it is the old story, told wherever we find tyranny on the one side and slavery on the other; wherever there is harshness to engender fear and fear to bring forth untruth in its turn. And women, being slaves in a way, have learnt the slave's vice of deception; and because of the oppression under which they have lived, have turned for safety to deceit, and for vengeance to treachery. It is a "round of wrong" in which every one suffers alike.

But there is another fact, as melancholy and even more surprising, than our own generic untruth, and this is, that some men do not object to a certain amount and manner of deception in us. Like courage, or like justice, truth with them comes into the category of the masculine virtues not to be looked for from women, and not including moral humiliation when wanting. I say some, not all; for to some, untruth in women is as disgraceful as it would be in men; but there is a large section—an essentially manly, high-handed, upper-class section—who regard themselves as apart from and infinitely superior to women, to whom *les forberies des femmes* seems quite the right thing to expect, and natural enough. Laughable, as well as natural, perhaps; perhaps contemptible; perhaps only amusing; but no more reprehensible, because so entirely of the ordained order of things, than tricks in a monkey or passion in a child.

Indeed, men of this stamp, when holding certain conventional notions of the drawing-room divinity of women, contend that they ought not to tell the truth at all times; that it is an indelicacy when they are too candid; and that nature gave them their faculty of concealment as a useful quality, imperatively necessary for the preservation of their womanliness. If we place ourselves on their platform, we can see how they have arrived at their sophistry. All the virtues of women being of the feeble and refined kind—their grace being just in proportion to their sensitiveness, and their moral value in inverse ratio to their strength—it follows naturally that concealment must come in as a part of the moral law under which they specially live; and we all know that the line between concealment and deception is almost imperceptible, and that the one passes into the other in a way which even the most conscientious cannot prevent.

But this want of truth is just one of the gravest faults that women have, and one of the things by which they are kept in their lower position. Still, while candour is considered unfeminine by certain men, it is rather hard for us to be truthful; for, in spite of all the quarrelling and discontent between the sexes, and in spite of all the mistakes that women make, and the wrong roads they will rush down, they do desire the love of men, and with their love, their respect. I know that the stronger we are, the more comparative weight we give to their respect as balanced against their love only; but to the weakest of us it is their love *and* their respect.

The fact is, there is very little truth-telling between men and women on either side. Men conceal from women the realities of their lives as passed out of the house, on the plea that they are but coarse animals at the best, and that they do things which the purer creatures had better not know anything about; and women conceal the truth of theirs from men for fear lest they should be interfered with, denied, or forbidden. Hence comes the theory that women must be kept in the dark because they are not strong enough to bear the light; and that men must be "managed," so that they shall not detect the poor little farthing rushlights which women stick up over their dressing-tables, and by the uncertain shimmer of which they walk. When women want to have their own way, the popular doctrine among them is that they must manœuvre for it. They must neither take it boldly nor openly ask leave. Their husbands or fathers must be led to acquiesce by all manner of circuitous routes, and treated as the sick are treated by the sane, as children are treated by adults—that is, humoured, hoodwinked, managed, and induced to do right by diplomacy, not by reason nor by justice.

Now, to my mind, this method of managing men by diplomatic wiles is about the most fatal that women can adopt. And yet we are almost invariably told that indirect influence is the best; that we are strongest when we make ourselves weakest; that the less we take the more will be given us—and the less we assert the more we shall gain. And this seems to me to be a cowardly, crafty, sinuous method of procedure, and that creeping up to a point, while pretending to abandon it, is a piece of moral baseness as injurious to ourselves, who are the actors of the falsehood, as it is substantially insulting to the men who are deceived. Take it how we will, we can make no good of it; and the wonder is that even fine-natured women should advocate such a doubtful doctrine as warmly as they do. Yet it is advocated by all sorts and conditions of women, save the strong and independent; by those who set themselves out as womanly women *par excellence*—that is, who openly maintain that submission is the feminine badge to be worn from the cradle to the grave, but who, being human, cannot forego all exercise of individuality, and so exercise it in an underhand manner; and by those who, thinking themselves morally superior, if physically inferior to men, hold themselves as consecrated to rule by a crooked sceptre, seeing that the sense of society is against a straight one.

"What is the use of showing that I have set my heart on such and such a thing? If I pretend the contrary, I shall probably get what I want—men are so contradictious; or if I pretend indifference, I shall awaken no suspicion, and so can lead my master gently."

This is the kind of secret reasoning common among a certain class of women—those who despise men and make their account out of their contempt.

"Wait; don't say any more just now, but speak of it in a day or two; do not let it drop, and you will get your own way in time; but you must go to work very gently, and never press your point nor state it warmly. It is all to be done by management. You must manage your husband if you want to live well with him."

This is what wary mothers urge on timid daughters when married to hard-mouthed men not to be driven easily, and whom they are too cowardly to treat with honesty and independence. *Réculer pour mieux sauter.* Grimalkin's pretence of sleep before the mouse's hole; "sly Reynard" in his tricks; traps and springs set for unwary game; I confess the stock types and phrases so often used to designate this line of action in women, do not seem to me of the most honourable or inviting kind. On the contrary, this indirect mode of management ought to be abhorred of every honest woman, even though its place was taken by open contention. For, bad as strife is, it is not so bad as deception.

But though all slavery and crookedness of management ought to be abhorred and set aside, yet complaisance and tact are the two most valuable working qualities in a home, and to be just as warmly cultivated. There is a world of difference between tact and this sinuous management, a world as large as that between temper and individuality—selfishness and freedom. A woman ought to exercise tact, not because she is too great a coward to say what she means, or show what she wants, nor yet because she thinks men too selfish or too brutish to be able to hear reason, but because it is more noble to observe the signs and signals of another's mind than to attend only to one's own desires; because tenderness, with courage and softness, with truth, make the best combination to be found in humanity; because voluntary self-denial is better than self-assertion, and any one who can give up his or her own will for love and in the grandeur of strength (not for cowardice and in the pitiful bondage of slavery) has learnt one of the greatest lessons that humanity can learn. But the tact that a woman ought to have is the tact proper to humanity at large, not special to sex; the expression of sympathetic observation and of unselfish surrender, not the result of weakness, of cowardice, or of crafty calculation. What I want to combat with all my strength is the doctrine that women, *qud* women, ought to forbear all outward exercise of individuality, and renounce the common birthright of freedom, as something not meant for them to share. The consequence of which is, because the reality of Griseldadom would be impossible in its fullest extent—at least in the West, where women, in spite of "Attila," are allowed to have souls—they make up for the false pretence of unqualified submission by "management," and so attain their ends after the fashion of snakes rather than of upright, honest two-legged Christians. A false pretence is the "false balance" translated into active life, and the one is as much "an abomination" as the other.

* Epitomised from the *Broadway* for March.

The servants of favourite actresses and singers in Paris are said to do quite a lucrative business in selling to the flower-girls the bouquets which their mistresses receive at the hands of their enthusiastic admirers; and the flower-girls sell them over again.

The Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate state in their annual report, that the last examinations were held at 30 centres, the whole number of candidates entered being 1,783, of whom 401 were girls. In the preceding year the total number was 1,074, of whom 252 were girls. Of junior boys, 23·2 per cent. passed in honours, 47·8 per cent. without honours, and 29 per cent. failed. Of junior girls, the per-centages were 16·2 in honours, 58·1 without honours, and 25·7 failed. Those of senior boys were, 31·3 in honours, 36 without honours, and 32·7 failed. Of senior girls, 9·2 in honours, 36·8 without honours, and 54 failed. The girls are reported as deficient in arithmetic and unsuccessful in mathematics, but far before the boys in French and German.

Theatres and Amusements.

HAYMARKET.—Raising the Wind—(At a Quarter to Eight) Home—Box and Cox—A Kiss in the Dark. Seven.
ADELPHI.—A Day's Fishing—(At a Quarter to Eight) The Dead Heart. Seven.
PRINCESS'S.—The Secret—(At a Quarter to Eight) Marie Antoinette—A Cup of Tea. Seven.
LYCEUM.—Twenty Minutes with a Tiger—(At a Quarter to Eight) Life for Life—Ballet. Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Slasher and Crasher—(At a Quarter to Eight) The Thirst of Gold. Seven.
GLOBE.—A Happy Family—(At Half-past Seven) Cyril's Success—Brown and the Brahmins. Seven.
STRAND.—A Widow Hunt—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—Hue and Dye. Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Winning Hazard—(At Eight) School—Intrigue. Half-past Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—A Race for a Dinner (At a Quarter to Eight)—Not Guilty—The Birthplace of Podgers. Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—A Loving Cup—(At Nine) Claude Du Val—The Boarding School. Half-past Seven.
GAIETY.—The Two Harlequins—(At a Quarter to Eight) On the Cards—Robert Le Diable—Two Ballets. Seven.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, Holborn.—Scenes in the Arena, and other Entertainments. Half-past Seven. Morning Performances on Wednesdays and Saturdays at Half-past Two.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainments. Open at Ten.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy Minstrels; thirty-five performers. Wednesday and Saturday, Three; Evenings, Eight.
MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—Waxwork Exhibition. Eleven till Ten.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

MARCH 28. SUNDAY.—*Easter Sunday.*
,, 29. Monday.—Clock before sun 4m. 47sec.
,, 30. Tuesday.—Duration of twilight 1h. 59m.
,, 31. Wednesday.—Oxford Easter Term begins.
APRIL 1. Thursday.—All Fool's-day.
,, 2. Friday.—Sun rises 5.36 A.M.
,, 3. Saturday.—Sun sets 6.34 P.M.

Our Letter Basket.

TO THE READING PUBLIC.

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER may be obtained at the Principal Railway Stations, and of the Newsagents throughout the United Kingdom. In the event of any difficulty, copies will be sent direct from the office; single copies, post free, for 4d.; three copies for 11d.

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ALL communications intended for the EDITOR should be addressed to him at the Publishing Office, 102, Fleet-street, E.C.

*** Several answers to correspondents with notices of New Music and New Books, are crowded out this week, but will appear in our next.

MAB.—We have not been able to find for you any suitable work on the subject; it would, we fancy, be very difficult to teach effectively pillow lace making by mere verbal description. 2. The verses were scarcely up to the standard required for publication.

"NAIAD" (Stoke-on-Trent).—A delicate tint of dove colour, the shade of a cup of tea with plenty of milk in it—to use a homely but comprehensible metaphor, would be very suitable to your complexion and for the purpose you name—with which a white lace shawl or mantle would be a fitting accompaniment. Myrtle, but more frequently jessamine, clematis, and lilies of the valley, are brides' flowers. A very small piece of orange blossom is placed amongst them. One or two flowers will be sufficient if you do not wish to wear much. It has been the fashion lately to wear a profusion of orange blossoms for weddings. In different countries and at different periods various flowers have been held sacred to Hymen and played their parts as bridal ornaments. One is not more proper than another except as the fashion of the place and time makes it. The orange blossom is now held amongst Europeans and Americans to be the correct thing.

W. C.—If you will write to Miss Emily Davies, the honorary secretary of the proposed College for Women, she will, doubtless, be happy to supply you with all the particulars you wish for.

AMY (Richmond).—We fear you would have some trouble in disposing of your fancy-work. There is a society at the West-end for the disposal of ladies' work, but the proceeds must be devoted to charitable objects. 2. Bêche-de-Mer is an article of luxury among the Chinese, consisting of the dried bodies of several species of *holothuria*, or sea-cucumber, which are found in great abundance in the shallow waters of lagoons, and on reefs, from the south-eastern coast of Asia to New Holland. The traffic is very extensive, the Malays catching the animals and preparing them in large quantities for the Chinese market. 3. We regret we have not a cut-paper pattern by us of the Marie Antoinette fichu in our last number, or we should have pleasure in sending it.

D. R. (Paris).—We have no space at present for translations such as you propose.

MISS M. (Mayfield).—Not at present; and anyway we could not offer you anything for the MS.

Communications from H. B. (Fleet-street), Lex (Truro), and Mother Goose, are declined with thanks.

Our Exchange Column.

For regulations, see our number for March 2.]

I HAVE three strings of real onyx (German) beads, suitable or necklaces or bracelets, fifty beads in each. Open to useful offers.—ONYX.

I WISH for Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, arranged as an instrumental solo for the pianoforte, bound, and in good condition. Will give nearly new sheet music of equal value, reckoning my music at half price. List can be had.—AUDAX.

WANTED a pair of birds of Paradise for hats in exchange or a pair of Spanish hens.—POULTRY.

I WANT "Alice in Wonderland," "The Water Babies," and "The White Rose," by Whyte Melville; also the "Ingoldsby Legends." I have many things to offer in exchange.—GERALDINE.

I WISH for a set of ivory chessmen and a small chess-table. In exchange can offer many useful things.—G. A.

WANTED all the publications of Mdlle. Riego, in exchange for books or music.—POINT LACE.

I WISH for a life-sized lay figure for a studio, and Ruskin's "Modern Painters." Please state wants.—JUNO.

We have forwarded letters to "Kitty," "School-girl," and "Lizzie."

The Lady's Own Paper.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1869.

THOUGH we do not generally devote much space to politics, the great event of the session should surely not be passed over without notice. The second reading of the Irish Church Bill has been carried by a majority of 118. At half-past two o'clock on Wednesday morning, after a brilliant attack on the Bill and its authors by Mr. Hardy, and a defence not less vigorous by Mr. Gladstone, the House divided, and 368 supported the Ministerial measure, against 250 who voted against it. The majority is perhaps equal to the most sanguine hopes of the friends of the Bill, and exceeds the anticipations of many. The debate has been ably conducted, but still the House has had much to endure in its progress. Mr. Bright more than sustained his great reputation, Dr. Ball and Mr. Sullivan each made a reputation at a stroke, Sir Roundell Palmer presented a rare union of dialectical subtlety and felicitous expression; but, on the other hand, some of the favourite speakers of the House fell below the occasion, and, except Lord George Hamilton, the new members gave little promise of future distinction, unless it be of a negative character. It was with some satisfaction, therefore, the members heard Mr. Gladstone announce that the debate must close on Tuesday night under penalty of no Easter holidays, and though there were many who believed, with more or less reason, that they had still something to say which might be heard with advantage, every one was content at the extinction of his neighbour.

We from time to time give, amongst our Court news, the list of Her Majesty's Waits, and possibly many a reader, in running over the names, may scarcely have been aware of the interest attaching to the offices of the Royal household which the Waits represent. A few facts may therefore be acceptable on the subject. Many of them, such as the Mistress of the Robes, and others, change when the Ministry change—anything but a pleasant arrangement for the Sovereign, one would say. The Duchess of Argyll is the present Mistress of the Robes; the salary attached to the office is 500*l.* a-year. In Queen Anne's time, it was held conjointly with the somewhat incongruous one of Groom of the Stole. The famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, held both these. The Mistress of the Robes is the highest female attendant about the Queen, and all the others are under her authority. In all ceremonials, she rides in the same carriage as the Queen, and on State occasions, she has to attend to the robing of Her Majesty. The late lamented Duchess of Sutherland was one of the most notable women of high rank who have held this office during the present reign. The Ladies of the Bedchamber are personal attendants of the Queen, with a salary of 500*l.* each. There are eight of them, who in turns, two at a time, take up their residence at the Palace for a fixed period. Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, gives a lively account of their duties in her day—how they had to be with the Queen before her prayers and before she was dressed, in order to hand her things one by one to the bedchamber women; even holding the basin, which a page of the backstairs had set down on a side table, while their royal mistress washed her hands. The bedchamber women are subordinate to these: they also are eight in number, and receive 300*l.* a-year. The maids of honour are eight in number too; they also attend at the palace in rotation, with a salary of 400*l.* All these appointments are held by women of rank and position. Maids of Honour are always styled "Honourable" by courtesy, even if not entitled to the prefix by right of birth. There is still in existence an ordinance of Charles I., in which the Maids of Honour are commanded to be in the presence chamber by eleven for prayers; after that to attend the Queen until dinner; also from the two o'clock dinner until supper time. They were enjoined not to leave the Court without permission of the Lord Chamberlain, who was to be informed of any disobedience on their part. The following was the daily provision for a Maid of Honour in Henry VIII.'s time: At breakfast, one chine of beef, one chete loaf, one manchet, viz., a small loaf of fine bread, and a gallon of ale; at dinner, a piece of beef, a stroke of roast, a cast of chete bread, and a gallon of beer; at afternoon, a manchet of bread and half a gallon of ale; at supper, a mess of porridge, a piece of mutton, a cast of chete bread, and half a gallon of ale; at after-supper, a chete loaf, a manchet, and half a gallon of wine. Besides all this, four tallsheds and two faggots, one pricket, and four sises of wax and candles, white lights, and one torch per day, together with six white cups; at moving, one whole cart was appropriated to her for the carriage of stuff; by which we may conclude that, in bluff Hal's time, the said Maids of Honour did not fare badly. The Lords in Waiting have 702*l.* a-year; the Grooms in Waiting 335*l.* 10s.; they also attend in rotation. The Chief Equerry gets 1,000*l.*, the others 750*l.* They are supposed to preside over the stable department, to attend Her Majesty out of doors on horseback, and are present on all State occasions. The Pages of Honour receive 200*l.* a-year, and subsequently obtain a commission in the Guards; they also attend on the Sovereign. This office is no doubt a remnant of old days, when the youths of noble families served in the houses of men of rank, as a kind of preliminary step to knighthood.

The rumour which obtained a fortnight ago, as to a rupture in respect to the Royal Italian Opera, and which was authoritatively contradicted, would seem after all to have been not entirely without foundation; any way, a rupture is now more than imminent, it has actually occurred. When, nearly a quarter of a century ago, Signor Costa, with Grisi and Mario, seceded from Her Majesty's Theatre, it was said at the time, with reference to a pending religious difficulty, that Costa was Gorham, and Lumley the Bishop of Exeter. The disestablishment, however, took place, and, contrary to the old maxim, the house divided against itself has stood in its two divisions and flourished. It is now attempted, as our readers are aware, to bring together again the whole operatic talent of the Italian stage. But the house shows some slight disinclination to be united against itself. The two conductors refuse to be one. Signor Costa declines an engagement on what he alleges to be terms which he cannot accept, and now the sweet voice of Madlle. Nilsson is the first to be heard in unaccustomed notes of discord. We subjoin the letter which announces the loss to the united management of one of their most attractive *prime donne*. Mdlle. Nilsson writes: "It is with surprise that I to-day see my name advertised in the prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. With the kindness you have always shown me since I first had the honour of appearing before an English public, I venture to hope that you will allow me to explain why I cannot, in justice to myself, form one of the troupe this season, and kindly give insertion to this and the accompanying letter, as it is due to the public, who have always received me with such generous favour, that the facts should be made known. My engagement with Mr. Mapleson was exclusively for Her Majesty's Theatre, and exclusively with Mr. Mapleson as director. I declined Mr. Mapleson's proposition to sing at Covent Garden except on certain conditions, to which he did not formerly object. Those conditions have been at the last moment rejected by the actual director of Covent Garden. No alternative is thus left me." Mdlle. Nilsson has also addressed a letter to Mr. Mapleson, in which the following passage occurs: "You cannot fail to appreciate the difficulties arising from the shortness of a London season, and the numerous artistes composing your troupe, some of whom have claims to parts specified in my engagement, and which, without sufficient precautions, must lead to a confusion to which I have strong objection to be a party, and, anxious as I have shown myself to aid you, I cannot consent to a departure from the letter and spirit of the engagement except on the reasonable conditions to which formerly you did not object. Your *associé*, however, appears to be of a contrary opinion, and I can well understand how very difficult it would be for you to gainsay what he decides. I must conclude, therefore, by informing you that, as you have placed it out of your power to fulfil our engagement, you will be pleased to consider it now as annulled."

Our snarling but clever Saturday contemporary, which assumes to be able to lay bare the inmost workings of the feminine nature, has recently treated its readers to a characteristic article on "Grim Females," which, with all its harshness, states in unmistakable language some broad, if unpalatable truths. According to the reviewer, almost all histories and mythologies embody the idea of a race of grim females. Whether as fabulous and complex monsters, like the Sphinx and the Harpies, or in the more human forms of the Fates and the Furies, unsexed women have been universally recognised as forming part of the system of nature, and to be accepted among the stranger manifestations of human life. Yet it is hard to understand why they should exist at all. As moral "sports" extravagances, exaggerations, they are so far interesting to the anthropologist; but, as women with definite duties and fixed functions, nothing can be less admirable. They are even worse than effeminate men—which is saying everything. The grim female must be carefully distinguished from the masculine woman, for they are by no means essentially the same, though the types may run into each other, and sometimes do. But the masculine woman, if not grim but only Amazonian, has often much that is fine and beautiful in her, as we see in her great prototype, Pallas Athene; but the grim female *pur sang* is never noble, never beautiful; and the only meaning of her existence—the only mission she seems sent into the world to fulfil—is that of serving as a warning to the young as to what to avoid. The grim female is not necessarily an old maid, as would appear likely at first sight. We find her of all conditions indifferently—as maid, wife, widow, as mother and childless alike—and we do not find that her condition in any way affects her character. If she is born grim, she remains grim

to the end; and neither marriage nor motherhood modifies her. The grim female of novelists is generally an old maid; but a caricature, painted in the broadest lines and from the outsides of things. She is emphatically an odd woman; odd in her dress, her mode, her state. She wears a flapping cap, skimpy skirts, and rusty brown mittens on her bony hands; she has a passionate aversion to men and matrimony; and she lives queerly behind a barricaded house-door, with a small slavey, or an elderly female afflicted with deafness, to do her work and bear the brunt of her temper. But she is always odd, and unmarried, and unfashionable, and unlike everybody else, and could never be mistaken for an ordinary woman from the first moment when she appears on the page to the last paragraph of her existence. Now the grim female of real life may be one of the most conventional of her sex; in fact, she generally is one of the most conventional of her sex; she is one who rules her household with a rod of iron carefully wrought after the pattern of her neighbours' rods, and to whom a dish set awry, or the second-best china instead of the best, counts for as great a moral delinquency in her servants as a breach of one of the ten commandments. She is a woman who regards being out of the fashion, or foremost in the fashion, as equally reprehensible, and to whom dress is among the most important matters of life. Wherefore she is notorious for a certain grim grandeur of style, as one who respects herself by her clothes, and is known among other women as possessing handsome lace and costly velvet in profusion. Are not lace and velvet *de rigueur* for women of condition? and what is the grim female but the embodiment of the "rigour of the game" in all matters? Therefore she clothes herself sumptuously, without elegance or taste, and would as soon be seen abroad in her dressing-gown and slippers as without her characteristic heavy velvet mantle or rustling silk gown. But the artist's little wife, in her fresh muslin and nice admixture of colours, sails round her for grace and beauty at about one-twentieth part of what the grim female's stately ugliness has cost. One characteristic of the grim female is her want of any of the womanly passion for children. She may have so much maternal instinct perverted as to be on friendly terms with a dog or two, a cat, or may be a cockatoo; but she has no real affection for children, no comprehension of child nature, and the "sublime nonsense" of the nursery is a thing unknown to her from first to last. If she has children of her own, she treats them in a hard wooden way that has nothing of the ideal mother about it. She generally sees that they are properly cared for, because she is a disciplinarian; but, though she is inexorable on the score of cold baths and "no trash," she never condescends to the weakness of love. Further, according to the reviewer, the grim female has no mercy. She may be just, but if she is so, it is in a hard uncompromising way, that makes her justice worse than others' partiality. And here, according to the writer, is the conclusion of the whole matter: "Weak women, vain women, affected women, and the whole class of silly women, whatever the speciality of silliness exhibited, are tiresome enough, heaven knows; but, unsatisfactory as they are, they are better than the grim female—that woman of no sex, born without softness or sympathy, and living without pity and without love."

NEW BOOKS FOR THE LADY'S LIBRARY.

Brooks's Aspen Court, 12mo, 2s. 6d. cloth.
Cousin Jack, a Domestic Story, crown 8vo, 6s. cloth.
Craven's Sister's Story, translated by Bowles, crown 8vo, 6s. cloth.
Gouffé's Royal Cookery Book, Household Edition, 8vo, 10s. 6d. cloth.
Grindon's Echoes in Plant and Flower Life, 12mo, 2s. cloth.
Kean (Edmund), Life of, by Hawkins, 2 vols. 8vo, 30s. cloth.
Reade and Boucicault's Foul Play, crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.
Reade's Griffith Gaunt, crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.
Riego's Royal Point Lace Instructor, 4to, 3s. 6d. sewed.
Tytler's Girlhood and Womanhood, crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.
Wither's Poems, Granny's Tale, crown 8vo, 1s. 6mp.

The total receipts from the theatres, dancing-rooms, concerts, and other places of public amusement in Paris in February amounted to 77,881*l.*, being a decrease of 978*l.* on the previous month.

THACKERAY ON CONVENTS.—In Thackeray's "Irish Sketch Book" is an article on convents. Referring to the Ursuline Convents at Blackrock, near Cork, he says: "In the grills is a little wicket and a ledge before it. It is to this wicket that women are brought to kneel; and a bishop is in a chapel on the other side, and takes their hands in his, and receives their vows. I had never seen the likes before, and felt a sort of shudder in looking at the place. There rests the girl's knees as she offers herself up, and forswears the sacred affections which God gave her; there she kneels and denies for ever the beautiful existence of her being—no tender maternal yearnings—no gentle attachments are to be had for her or from her—there she kneels and commits suicide upon her heart. O, honest Martin Luther! thank God you came to pull that infernal, wicked, unnatural altar down—that cursed Paganism! I came out of the place quite sick; and looking before me, there, thank God! was the blue spire of Monkstown Church, soaring up into the free sky—a river in front rolling away to the sea—liberty, sunshine, all sorts of gladness and motion round about; and I couldn't but thank heaven for it, and the Being whose service is freedom, and who has given us affections that we may use them—not smother and kill them; and a noble world to live in, that we may admire it and Him who made it—not shrink from it, as though we dared not live there, but must turn our backs upon it and its beautiful Provider. I declare, I think, for my part, that we have as much right to permit Suttceism in India, as to allow women in the United Kingdom to take these wicked vows, or Catholic bishops to receive them."

Musical, Literary, and Art Jottings.

Saint Paul, by M. Renan, will be ready for publication in a few weeks.

THE FRENCH GALLERY.—Mr. Wallis's seventh annual exhibition of pictures, the contributions of French and Flemish artists, will be opened to the public on Monday, April 5. On this, as on former occasions, the Queen has been graciously pleased to evince her interest in the enterprise by lending for exhibition a masterpiece of Meissonnier's. There is every reason to expect that the collection will be the most valuable and attractive ever displayed at the French Gallery.

As a sample of the honorarium paid to artists who are at the head of their respective classes, it may be worth recording that Mr. Sims Reeves, the vocalist, and M. Blondin, the rope-dancer, each receive a hundred pounds, or guineas, for a performance at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Charles Dickens, it is said, receives the same sum for each of his readings in London.

The sale of Rossini's snuff-boxes by no means created the excitement amongst amateurs of curiosities that was anticipated. Two amongst these royal gifts alone went for higher than 4*l.* There was a ring of splendid diamonds which fetched 140 guineas, and another set with a table diamond, which went for 120*l.* The *Figaro* states that a gentleman bid for a watch which subsequently proved to be of copper; on the contrary, a pistol of Louis XV., sold as being adorned by a metal of which our saucepans are made, proved to be mounted in gold.

Mrs. John Wood, who appeared a few years ago at the Princess's, has taken St. James's Theatre on a long lease. The interior of the house will be rebuilt and decorated in a costly style, and it is expected that the house will be ready for opening about the middle of next October. Among the company already engaged are Miss Herbert, Miss Larkins, Miss Weatherby, Miss Bessie Lovell, Mr. J. L. Toole, and Mr. Lionel Brough.

Busts in marble of Queen Victoria and the late Prince Consort, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, the King and Queen of the Belgians, the King of Bavaria, and the Sultan, all of whom have visited the fine old building of Henry IV. since 1854, have recently been placed in the galleries of the Hôtel de Ville.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed announce an entirely new entertainment, to be produced for the first time on Easter Monday, at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, written by W. S. Gilbert.

A grand religious service has been performed in the Cathedral of Madrid in honour of Lamartine.

Berlioz, who was a passionate admirer of Shakespeare, has bequeathed his collection of our bard's works to Mme. Massart, the accomplished pianist, and wife of the violin professor, in Paris.

The Royal Academy Exhibition of this year is likely to be marked by the appearance of one of our best known painters in water colours in a new character. Mr. Birket Foster is now in the far west of Cornwall, and earnestly occupied in preparing a landscape of considerable size, in oil, of a coast scene. A second picture of similar character, and wrought in like method to the above, is already far advanced.

The daughter of Mme. Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt, a girl of twelve years, is said to possess much of the great talent of her mother, and to have an excellent voice.

Mme. Adelina Patti is announced to make her *rentrée* in Paris on the 30th of this month. At her benefit at St. Petersburg she received from her admirers, as we learn from private letter, a necklace and brooch valued at eighty thousand francs, in addition to hundreds of bouquets imported expressly from Nice and the Riviera. Russia must be a very *pays de Cocagne* for singers.

The family of the late Mr. Carleton—in his best time one of the most graphic of Irish novelists—is, it is said, left without any provision. Application has been made to Government for the continuance to his widow of the small literary pension which was formerly awarded to her late husband.

Mdme. Willy de Rothschild has sent a splendid medallion to Mdlle. Nilsson, and an album of her musical compositions which the Swedish *diva* is very fond of. In the centre of the jewel is a nightingale, and below in brilliant gems the name of Christine Nilsson.

With commendable perseverance Miss Berry-Greening for the fourth time, on the anniversary of the Patron Saint of Ireland, made an effort last week to render Irish ballad music more popular, and on such a fitting occasion as St. Patrick's-day to bring back to our recollection those charming melodies of "the poet of every circle and the idol of his own." To a choice selection of Moore's compositions were added some of those of the late Samuel Lover, as well as of Molloy and some of the older Irish poets. It is only justice to Miss Berry-Greening's effort to state that her success surpassed that of any former occasion.

Mdlle. Mehlig has been receiving instruction from the Abbé Liszt at Weimar, and is expected in London for the season.

A public subscription has been opened for a monument to be erected to Johann Sebastian Bach—the greatest composer Germany has produced—at Eisenbach, his native city.

Mr. Boucicault has not taken the Queen's Theatre, which will open on Easter Monday, under the direction of Miss Hodson. Messrs. Toole and Lionel Brough will star for a short time at the Standard.

Miss Bateman is now fulfilling her farewell tour with great success. The talented and favourite actress is engaged to appear at Booth's New Theatre, New York, early in September.

Vieuxtemps will play at the Musical Union after Easter.

Miss Kate Roberts, a pupil of Dr. Wylde, and an associate of the Royal Academy of Music, gave a very interesting pianoforte recital on Friday, last week, at St. George's-hall, when, although the weather was very unfavourable, the attendance was exceedingly good. The programme contained several works well calculated to display the ability possessed by Miss Roberts, who admirably vanquished the difficulties set up by the composers whose works formed the staple of the entertainment.

Mr. Frederick Archer is going on a short tour in Ireland next month, visiting Dublin, Belfast, and Limerick. Mdme. Sherrington, Mdme. Patey-Whytock, Mr. Varley, and Mr. Patey are of the party. Organ music is to be a speciality in the concerts given.

Mdlle. Schneider ("La Grande Duchesse") has just sustained a severe bereavement by the death of her mother.

The estimates of the cost of building the new Opera House, Paris, amounted to sixteen millions of francs. More than double that sum has been already expended, and it is now confessed that the total will come up to forty-eight millions before the work is completed.

At the Delessert sale, in Paris, "The Fish Market," by Teniers, went for 6,000 guineas; "An Interior," by Hoegt, was sold to M. de Narischkine for 6,000*l.*; a Terburgh for 1,800*l.* The two days' sale produced 65,548*l.* "The Holy Family," by Raphael, purchased, as is supposed, for the Duke d'Aumale for 6,000*l.*, measures 2 centimetres by 29, a millimetre being the 25th part of an inch. M. Delessert purchased this gem for 1,000*l.* at the Aguado sale.

Berlioz has left his manuscripts to the Conservatoire, to M. Alexandre his batons as leader of orchestras, and the printed impression of his operas to his editor, M. Damcke.

THE NEW ROYAL ACADEMY.—Those parts of the interior of the new building in Piccadilly which will be devoted to the exhibition of paintings are now so nearly completed that no apprehension can be entertained regarding the commencing of the hanging of pictures early next month for the display which will be inaugurated in the first week of May. The central hall presents the aspect of an apartment which requires little but the removal of the scaffolding to be seen in all the beauty of its really brilliant and attractive attributes. Already the inscriptions round the walls of the dome have been finished; and as these are generally the last touches put on such a hall as that to which we refer, the statements made above can be readily understood. The contrast between the rooms in the new building, into which floods of light seem to pour, and the dingy galleries in which the exhibitions of the academy were held in previous years, will be manifested. In some of the rooms all the details of ornamentation appear to be completed, with the exception, in some cases, of the polishing of the floors. The long corridor leading from Piccadilly to the galleries in which the pictures to be shown in the exhibition of 1869 will be displayed has been already carpeted. One of the new features of the gallery will be a room in which visitors may obtain refreshments.

Mdlle. Céline Montaland, whose engagement by the Pasha of Egypt made her the envied of half the Parisian actresses, has been run over in Cairo, and had a narrow escape of her life.

Commencing on Easter Monday, the holiday attractions at the Crystal Palace are extremely varied, comprising a grand burlesque on *Blue Beard*, by Mr. E. T. Smith, with new scenery by Mr. Fenton, with gorgeous dresses and decorations and 150 performers. Besides this, a miscellaneous entertainment will be given, combining the talents of the Vokes Family (whose burlesques are so much enjoyed), Majilton, the demon hat performer; the Brothers Daniell, the very clever musical clowns, whose performances at Christmas attracted so much attention; the two American gorillas and the Martens Family in their musical burlesques, &c., &c., the whole forming the most complete and varied attraction for holiday-makers ever offered even at the Crystal Palace. Another feature of great interest will be the exhibition in the concert-hall of a scene specially designed by Mr. Matt Morgan representing St. Peter's at Rome as illuminated for Easter. This has been painted from drawings and designs taken specially for the Company at Easter last year, and considering the interest now taken by the many English who visit Rome annually at this period, it will no doubt prove highly attractive, and afford to those unable to make the costly trip to Rome some idea of the beauty of the display.

IMPROVEMENTS IN PIANOFORTES.—The improvements that have of late years been brought into play in the manufacture of pianofortes have been so great as to call forth the admiration of all competent judges, and certainly not the least important are due to the professional skill and zealous perseverance of Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons, of 18, Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square. This firm has just patented an improved action for the instrument, with the object mainly of obtaining a repeat, that deserves to be generally adopted. Without the aid of diagrams, it is difficult clearly to explain the *modus operandi* of the valuable invention, but we may at least record that the advantages this action affords are a perfect check, without affecting the repetition, which is most prompt, acting with the least perceptible movement of the keys; a lighter and more elastic touch than has hitherto been possible; while the great simplicity in the mechanism itself ensures strength and durability.

REINE D'AMOUR.

ROMANCE A LA BIEN-AIMEE.

CLOSE as the stars along the sky
The flowers were in the mead,
The purple-hearts and golden-eye,
And crimson-flaming weed:
And each one sighed as I went by
And touched my garment green,
And bade me wear her on my heart
And take her for my Queen
Of Love—
And take her for my Queen.

And one in virgin white was drest,
With downcast, gracious head;
And one unveiled a burning breast
Mid smiles of rosy red:
All rainbow bright, with laughter light,
They flicker'd o'er the green,
Each whispering I should pluck her there
And take her as my Queen
Of Love—
And take her as my Queen.

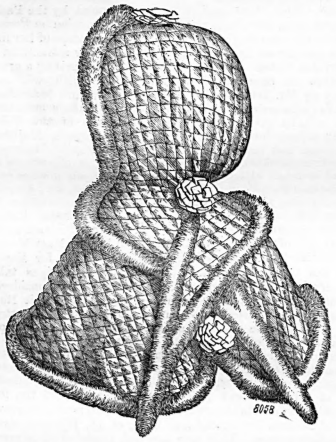
But sudden at my feet looked up
A little star-like thing,
Pure odour in pure perfect cup,
That made my bosom sing.
'Twas not for size, nor gorgeous dyes,
But her own self, I ween,
Her own sweet self, that bade me stoop
And take her for my Queen
Of Love—
And take her for my Queen.

Now all day long and every day
Her beauty on me grows,
And holds with stronger, sweeter sway
Than lily or than rose;
And this one star outshines by far
All in the meadow green;
And so I wear her on my heart
And take her for my Queen
Of Love—
And take her for my Queen.

A SUCCESS UNPRECEDENTED. — MARAVILLA COCOA IS PERFECTION.—The *Globe* says: "Taylor Brothers' Maravilla Cocoa has achieved a thorough success, and supersedes every other Cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For homœopaths and invalids we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage."—Sold in packets only, by all Grocers.

London & Paris Fashions, Toilet, &c.

IN article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* opens up a subject that has more than once been referred to in our columns—namely, the alleged bad taste of Englishwomen in dress, an accusation our contemporary thinks not always or entirely without foundation. Frenchwomen profess to regard the average dress of their English sisters as being a few degrees removed from barbarism. Americans are fond of declaring that in no other country in the world are there so many ill-dressed women to be seen as in this. Some part of these criticisms may fairly be set down to affectation or to national prejudices, and it may also be said that French and American women are over-dressed, and that English women have no ambition to outshine them. Making large allowances for these considerations, however,



BABY'S HOOD.

there is, many think, still something left unexplained; but we will allow our contemporary to state its own case.

As a matter of fact, the writer remarks, the great majority of French or American women do not over-dress, for they are unable to afford extravagance. A "Saratoga belle," or the American girl frequently met with at a Continental table d'hôte, may be a dreadful warning to all properly brought-up young ladies; but neither can be taken as a fair specimen of her countrywomen, many of whom dress very cheaply, and yet always look spruce and becoming. The poorest native-born American woman has a trimness in her dress which saves her from the castaway look so common among our own poor. In

LADY'S HAT.

France or America the class corresponding to our middle class are far more tastefully dressed, as a rule, than Englishwomen. There are doubtless ladies among us, and not a few in number, who dress with incomparable elegance and judgment. But the best test of the question is this: stand in any great thoroughfare of Paris, New York, and London, and see what kind of dress every woman who happens to pass by is wearing. Take the Strand or Regent-street, the Boulevards, and Broadway, and notice the characteristic style of dress in each city. It will be found that an immense proportion of women in Paris and New York look tidy and neat, while of our own countrywomen the larger number seem deficient either in taste or a proper care for their personal appearance. The poor woman here is too often slatternly or else she is pranked out in ornament which would look very well on a May-day queen. There are, of course, plentiful exceptions, but, as a rule, the dress of the poor matches the squalor of their lot. And even wealth does not save some women from being dowdies.

"Dress is so entirely a matter of taste, continues the writer, that many persons would honestly prefer the style of the most careless Englishwoman to that of the neatest Frenchwoman. They would see nothing disagreeable in a green bonnet with blue ribbons, or a yellow dress with red stripes. Such persons will certainly not admit that there is anything to be improved in the dress of Englishwomen. Without contesting their views, we may state some causes which at times appear to render perfection in dress impossible. In the first place, a certain prudery and a dread of being "stared at" often check Englishwomen from availing themselves of inventions in dress. If a tailor who has won the confidence of his customers invents a new cut for a coat, or alters the shape of trousers, there is seldom any hesitation in adopting his ideas. Men have no fear of being taken for something worse than they really are because they fall in with a new fashion. But women sometimes take it into their heads to resist a really good fashion. They are afraid to compromise themselves, and they especially dread being made to resemble those questionable persons who cannot afford to dispense with any attraction which is within their reach, and who consequently always take care to dress well This class are sure to get the newest fashion, and the decorous young lady, or the respectable mother of a family, adopts it when it has been made common. Such dresses, or "costumes," as they are sometimes called, receive this kind of treatment.

"But reluctance to adopt new fashions is not always the explanation of the circumstance to which we have called attention, for Englishwomen sometimes jump into a French milliner's arms with unwise precipitation. The curious "paniers" now in vogue—the revival of an old style of dress—have been adopted almost without a struggle. The very stout woman, as well as the very lean one, now comes out with an unnatural protuberance in what appears to be a most inconvenient position. There is no discrimination exercised in adapting the fashion to the wearer. There are few stout women who could bear the addition of a hump anywhere without looking all the worse for it. The slim damsel may be able to add a trifle or two of the kind here and there without great detriment to her personal appearance, but for a woman of from twelve to eighteen stone to assume the "Grecian bend" is to do a palpable injustice to her charms.

"When an Englishwoman is badly dressed it is very seldom from mere motives of thrift. It actually costs no more for any woman to dress herself neatly than to tie herself up like a bag, or to array herself in all kinds of unseemly finery. There are tailors who put a man into a coat which makes him look like a caricature, and almost invites the charitable interference of passers-by. Another tailor would make the same man a coat which would enable him to appear with credit any day in the park. There is a similar difference in the cut and fit of women's dresses. Some women spend a good deal of money in dress, and yet never look well. Take the single article of bonnets. Is it not strange how few are the women who wear becoming bonnets? One can see in almost any shop the sort of bonnet which would suit them to a nicety; but they are either left unbought, or are worn by women for whom they were never intended. When a man goes into a bonnet shop, and examines the various devices which are exhibited on the rods around him, he wonders that a woman is ever seen with a bonnet on which does not set her face off to advantage. But a dark woman will stick a monstrous green bonnet upon her head, or a fair woman will wear red, or a sallow woman yellow, and never think that she is doing herself an injury, and the public, who are obliged to look upon her, a wrong. The ribbons or trimming are often in shocking contrast with the colour of her dress. It may be said that some people have no eye for harmony of colour, but those who do possess the gift seldom have the courage to follow their own ideas. They take what is recommended to them in the shop.

"We believe it to be true that Englishwomen attach less importance to dress than their sisters in America or France. They like to look well at home rather than to make a great show out of doors. When they have this ambition and succeed in it they are to be commended; but too often they do not succeed. The ultimate explanation is that our countrywomen have some radical defect in taste. But, although foreigners may be perfectly satisfied with this theory, it can be proved to be unjust. An Englishwoman's home is generally the model of everything which a home should be. Her own rooms are beautifully arranged, and filled with evidences of an accomplished taste. Her children are dressed charmingly. American mothers borrow their fashion of dressing children from England, although for their own attire they take the word of command from Paris. The great cause of the inferiority of Englishwomen's dress, when it exists, is the shameful way in which they are treated by shopkeepers and milliners. Linendrapers' and silkmercers' houses are filled with men who are no more fit to choose or sell dresses than so many cowboys. They force their masters' wares upon timid customers by dragging in the names of two or three duchesses who are supposed to have bought the same goods only yesterday, and to have sent for a fresh supply this very morning. They have no notion of the colours or shapes which would suit a woman best."

This is the substance of the plaint put forward by our contemporary, and there is certainly much in it worthy the consideration of ladies.

Let us now turn our attention to Paris, and see what is doing in fashionable circles there.

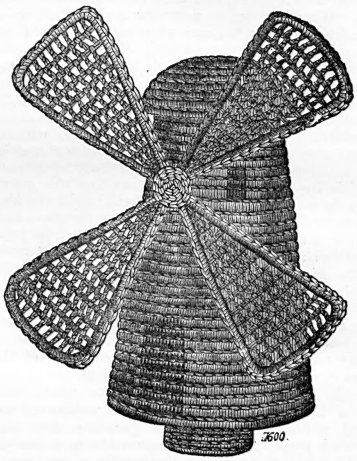
PARIS MODES.

A new style of porte-jupe is in great vogue this spring; it is called the porte-jupe Trianon. It forms an ornament upon the skirt, and throws it back, looping it up just in the way that the youthful Marie Antoinette looped up her dress when she played at being a milkmaid in her little mimic farm of Trianon. The porte-jupe forms a double clasp, taking up the material of the dress in folds. It is ornamented in different ways with passementerie ovals or rosettes, satin bows or velvet puffs.

Some of the new spring toilets seen at Longchamps were partly striped and partly plain—thus: skirt of green silk, with stripes of black satin, trimmed round the bottom with a flounce cut on the cross, and headed with a cross-strip; this skirt is puffed out on either side at the top. Dress of plain green silk. The skirt is open on each side, showing the puffs of the striped skirt, and itself forming a third puff at the back; in front it has the shape of a small rounded apron. High bodice; tight sleeves trimmed round the top and on the outer seam with a quilling of black satin.

Chignons are not much smaller than they were, but the long curls of which they are most frequently composed—especially for evening dress—render them far more graceful than the smooth round cushions of last year. The frizzed chignons fall over the shoulders, and almost down to the waist.

M. Albert has introduced a new headdress, which it is thought will be a great success. It is called the "Canova" coiffure, and consists of a bow of hair à la Grecque at the top of the head, and of thick tresses plaited so wide that they look like torsades. Coloured satin ribbon is introduced into these plaits, and it sets out full like a series of small bouillonés. A satin bow is fastened either at the side or in the centre of the forehead, according to the



WINDMILL.

style of each individual face, and this bow terminates the headdress, which is novel and effective.

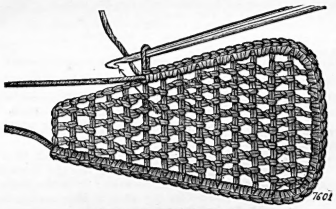
PARIS BONNETS.

Spring bonnets are diadems or fanchons of light-coloured crape, or tulle and satin. Among the newest models we have seen figured are the following:—

Diadem formed of a standing-up ruche of green satin; a beautiful white ostrich feather is turned back over the diadem, and a tiny humming-bird is placed in front. At the back, a fall of black lace, continued into lappets, fastened in front under a cravat bow of green satin.

Diadem of mauve crape, composed of a ruching of crape edged with satin of the same colour. Just in front a garland of white roses completes the diadem; one large bunch of roses without foliage is placed at the side. Fall and lappets of white blonde with a bow of mauve satin.

Fanchon of white plaited tulle, with a coronet of white and pink azaleas with tinted foliage and a bunch of the same flowers at the side. Fall and lappet of Mechlin



SECTION OF WINDMILL.

lace, with a bunch of flowers to fasten them in front. A trailing spray of buds and foliage comes down on the outside, and falls on the neck. Narrow ribbon strings are tied at the back. In some of the small fanchon or diadem bonnets, the narrow strings are replaced by an elastic.

For a young lady, a Watteau hat of pearl-grey satin, flat oval crown, brim slightly turned up on either side, is trimmed with a narrow border of grey curled feathers. One large rose, with buds and foliage, is placed upon the crown; bow and lappets of grey satin at the back.

A Malcontent hat of grey straw, narrow oval crown, brim turned up on one side only, with a bow of grey satin, is trimmed with smooth grey feathers laid back flat over the crown.

And a Régence hat of white straw is ornamented with a wide blue satin ribbon, arranged at the back into a large bow with short fringed lappets. In front, a bird of foreign plumage is placed as an aigrette. This hat has a rather high sloping crown and narrow-pointed brim, coming down very much upon the forehead in front.

PARIS FETES, &c.

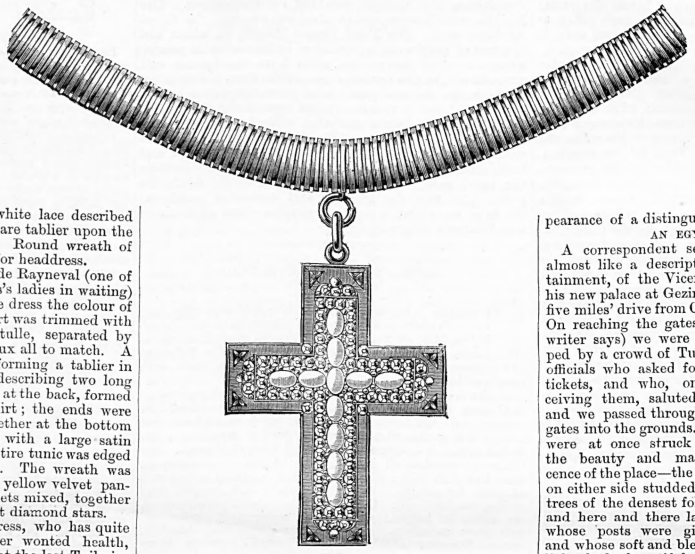
The concerts given by the Minister of Marine are always looked forward to with pleasure by those happy enough to be within the circle reached by his cards of invitation, and the gatherings afford a capital opportunity of noting the prettiest of Paris toilettes. Here are a few of the dresses worn at the recent concert :—

Maréchale Niel: Cerise faille train, opening over a front breadth of cerise tulle bouillonné. Two rows of narrow white lace described a small square tablier upon the cerise tulle. Round wreath of white lilac for headdress.

BROOCH.

Countess de Rayneval (one of the Empress's ladies in waiting) wore a faille dress the colour of tea; the skirt was trimmed with flounces of tulle, separated by satin rouleaux all to match. A coat tunic forming a tablier in front, and describing two long pointed ends at the back, formed the upper skirt; the ends were fastened together at the bottom of the dress with a large satin bow. The entire tunic was edged with blonde. The wreath was composed of yellow velvet pansies and violets mixed, together with brilliant diamond stars.

The Empress, who has quite recovered her wonted health, was present at the last Tuileries concert. Prince Napoleon was present for the first time this season, but Princess Clotilde was absent, likewise the Princess Metternich. The Empress wore a very beautiful dark green tulle toilette. The skirt was bouillonné; the poult de soie tunic, of the same shade of green as the tulle,



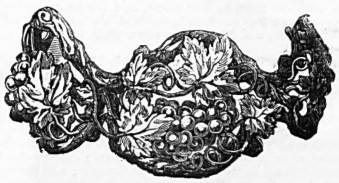
Mme. Magnan and the Countess Canisy both wore a Canova headdress at the last Court concert. Mme. Magnan had selected bows of straw-coloured satin to adorn her pretty head; and Mme. Canisy, instead of a satin bow, wore a pink feather with her Canova knot. The feather was fastened underneath the bow of hair; it descended to the centre of the back of the head, was there gracefully twisted, and terminated with a curl behind the left ear. This headdress will be worn alternately with the chignon of curls now so universally adopted, and which, on account of its light and fantastic style, is found eminently becoming to irregular features. It is the general opinion in Paris that the chignon of curls enhances the beauty of a piquante face, and that plaits artistically bound round the head add to the appearance of a distinguished face with regular features.

AN EGYPTIAN STATE BALL.

A correspondent sends a long account, that reads almost like a description of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, of the Viceroy's ball given on the 4th inst. at his new palace at Gezireh, on the banks of the Nile, about five miles' drive from Cairo.

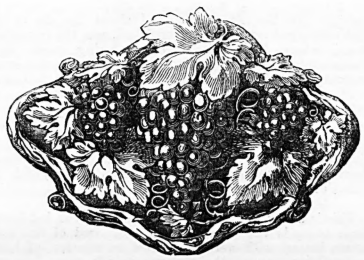
On reaching the gates (the writer says) we were stopped by a crowd of Turkish officials who asked for our tickets, and who, on receiving them, saluted us, and we passed through the gates into the grounds. We were at once struck with the beauty and magnificence of the place—the drive on either side studded with trees of the densest foliage, and here and there lamps, whose posts were gilded, and whose soft and blended lights had a beautiful effect. We arrived at the palace

BROOCH.

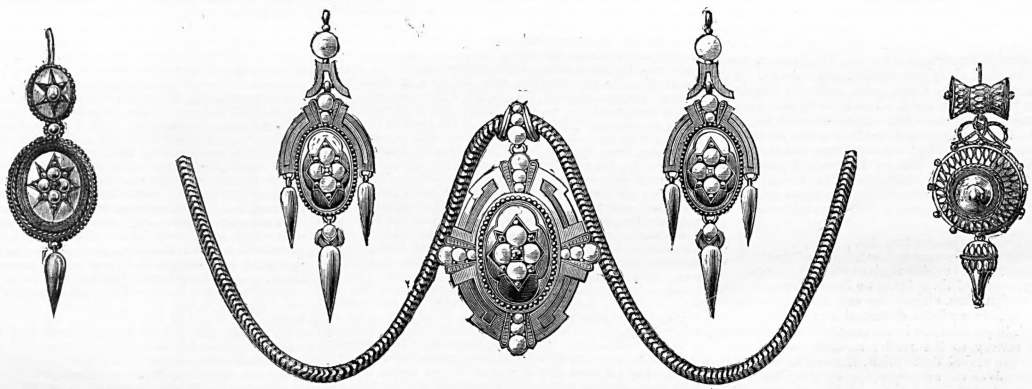


BRACELET.

BRACELET.

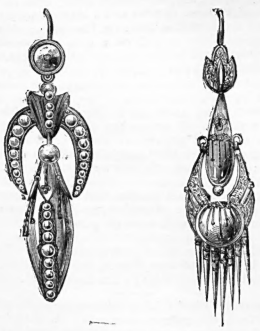


THE PEARL GRAPE BROOCH.



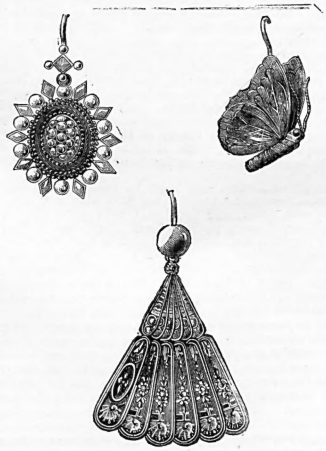
NECKLACE, WITH PENDANT AND EARRINGS.

was looped up at the sides with two splendid bouquets of diamonds; and in the centre of the bodice there was likewise a diamond bouquet. M. Albert, the court coiffeur, had arranged Her Majesty's hair; he is a true artist, for his touch is unmistakeable. The headdress consisted of oak



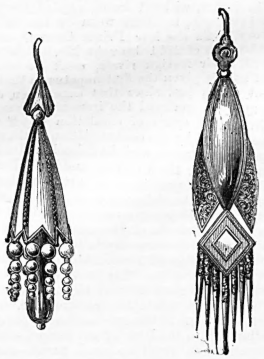
EARRINGS.

leaves made of the throats of humming birds; long curls fell over the neck; and four large diamond balls glittered among the metallic-looking leaves.



EARRINGS.

too soon, for, after having given up our hats and cloaks, we were asked by one of the officials if we would not like to go out in the grounds for half an hour. There was evidently some reason for wishing to get us away, as



EARRINGS.

we soon found out, for at that moment the Viceroy himself appeared, and told one of the attendants to take us out and show us the grounds. The fact was he wished

to show the palace when lighted up and before the guests arrived to the ladies of the harem. We were taken to see the Grotto, a place in itself worthy of much note, it being at least sixty feet high, with walks right through it, leading to its summit, and little streamlets of water running and trickling at every nick and corner, and lamps, with the same sort of globes as those in the gardens, interspersed throughout, while here and there was a mimic little waterfall whose streams run over stained glass lighted from behind, giving to the water the colour of the glass on which it ran. From this we were conducted to the Viceroy's hall of reception in the grounds. This a large open terrace whose roof is supported by marble pillars, with floor of the same, and in the centre stood a large fountain, which, however, was dry. While walking through the gardens on our way back to the palace, we heard voices laughing and talking, and soon found out that the ladies of the harem were returning through the grounds to their palace. Our guide said we must walk out of their way, but unfortunately we were too late for compliance. Our only refuge was under one of the lamps, where the ladies passed us. With them, and walking in front, were the Viceroy's daughters, at least so our guide told us; and these ladies, on seeing us, put up their eye-glasses, astonished at the presence of such curious people.

We now return to the palace. On entering the portico one could not fail to be struck with the magnificence of the interior. Facing us and leading to the upper part of the palace were the stairs, of the purest white, and inlaid with strips of black marble, highly polished. Stationed at either corner and at the turns of the stairs were Nubian soldiers clad in tunics of chain armour and helmets whose visors extended in a bar of steel below the nose. On reaching the top of the stairs we entered one of the large state rooms, with floor of polished wood, sofas and chairs of crimson velvet surrounding it, and a gigantic ottoman in the centre, of the same material, sufficiently large to accommodate at least twenty-five people. In front of this room was the verandah, where the dancers after each dance resorted for fresh air. The verandah was filled with rich and rare plants, whose soft colours, in contrast with the gorgeous fittings around, gave relief and pleasure to the eye. On the left of this, and about the size of the first room, but more richly furnished, was the reception-room, where the visitors on entering made their obeisance to the Viceroy, who appeared to receive every one very cordially, shaking hands with many of the ladies.

OUR FASHIONS ILLUSTRATIONS.

A BABY'S HOOD.

The hood is made of cherry-coloured satin, quilted by the aid of the sewing-machine, and edged with swans-down. The rosettes are of white satin ribbon, and the lining of white sarcenet.

LADY'S HAT.

This is a new shape, differing from a turban hat in the slope towards the crown. It is composed of fine split straw, bound with velvet. A bow on the top of black satin ribbon secures the strings; a dark green bow and a black aigrette ornament the brow.

WINDMILL.

A match-box or cigar-box may be made from this model. Make the sails from the illustrated section, working one long stitch and one chain stitch. The edge is afterwards worked in double crochet over a wire. The house is made in double crochet, every row worked over a wire. This is begun at the top, like a mat, and gradually increased, keeping it just dome-shaped. The wire is not inserted till the dome is complete—then commence with the wire. When you have worked half-a-dozen rows insert two pieces of wire, bound and placed crosswise, to support the dome of the roof. Use Walter Evans and Co.'s drab crochet cotton or white boar's-head No. 8, edging the sails with pink cotton, and making every third row of the house pink. The needle should be Walker's Penelope 2½.

NOVELTIES, &c.

Most readers will be more or less interested in the illustrations which we are enabled to give this week, of novelties in jewellery, many of them being no less striking for their beauty of design than elaboration and delicacy of finish. From time to time we have described any patterns that have come into prominence in ornamentation, but it is so difficult to convey to the reader an accurate notion of design by mere verbal description, that we have been induced to introduce the accompanying illustrations.

Within the last few years great advances have been made in England in the art-education of skilled workmen, as well as in the machinery that relieves them of all the heavier modelling, and the result is that the articles of personal adornment now in use by ladies are immensely superior in design, without losing any of their substantiality and strength, to those worn by the belles of the last century. To the late Prince Consort, who in the Great Exhibition of 1851 brought English jewellers face to face with their foreign rivals, must be adjudged the honour of having given the first impetus to that rapid improvement which has, since that time, been developed. He thoroughly appreciated the immense advantage to be derived from that spirit of emulation which would infallibly be aroused by the contemplation of the superiority of foreign manufacturers, and the Schools of Design, which now flourish all over the kingdom, and in the inauguration of which he took so prominent a part, have been among the chief agencies in diffusing a knowledge of the true principles of art, and in educating the public to appreciate the value and importance of the union of taste with skill which he laboured so earnestly to bring about. The International Exhibition of 1862 attested the wisdom and success of his endeavours. The jewellery in the English section was in no respect inferior to the best productions of foreign countries, while the continuance, during the succeeding five years, of the combination of purity of taste and an adherence to the laws of art design, with solidity of construction—in itself no small merit—enabled the English workmen, in the Paris Exhibition of 1867, to boldly challenge competition.

The articles which we illustrate this week are selected from the stock of Mr. Benson, the well-known jeweller of Ludgate-hill and Old Bond-street, and need but brief description, the designs speaking for themselves. The Necklaces with cross and pendant are amongst the finest we have seen. The Pearl Grape Brooch, in which the bunches of grapes are represented by fine oriental pearls, while the vine leaves and stem form the border and groundwork, is also specially noticeable, from the elegance of its design and the neatness of effect produced by the contrast of the pure white pearl against the rich brown and green of the leaves and stem. The bracelets appearing to the left of this are also striking, as are the two smaller brooches. Of the Earrings the fan, in gold and black enamel, and the butterfly in plain gold, are perhaps the most novel, though many ladies would doubtless prefer just now the fuchsias and horseshoe pendants. We hope to exhibit in an early number other elegant and novel designs in jewellery.

The Ladies' Garden.

THE weather is too unsettled to render outdoor employment very attractive to ladies, yet, as the season is now advancing rapidly, all fine days when the soil is at all in a workable condition should be turned to account. The following will indicate useful work for amateurs, especially those with town gardens only.

Hardy Annuals may be sown; to facilitate which process, all beds and borders intended for their reception should be loosened with the Dutch hoe, and afterwards raked level, but not too fine, as the sparrows are very fond of revelling in fine mould, which is detrimental to the well-being of the seed. The following varieties all succeed well: Ageratum mexicanum, blue, two feet high. Sweet Alyssum, a dwarf plant, well adapted for edging. Candytuft, white and purple, very showy, one foot high. Collinsia bicolor, a very pretty annual, six inches in height. Convolvulus minor, very showy, and will grow anywhere. Convolvulus major, a very beautiful autumn-flowering climber. Cape Marigold, a very showy flower when seen during sunshine. Erysimum Perofskianum, orange, two feet high—lasts a long time in flower. Clarkia, pulchella and alba. Larkspur—the branching variety will do well under trees. The Amaranthus caudatus, or Love-lies-bleeding, is a beautiful old annual. Lupinus nanus, a neat little plant, six inches high; and the old blue and yellow sweet-scented Lupinus, twelve inches. Nemophila, insignis and maculata. The French poppy makes a fine show when grown in beds. Prince's feather should be cultivated in every garden. German and ten-week stocks, to succeed those sown in heat. The Sweet Sultan, in its various colours, makes a beautiful bed, one foot high. Virginian stock, red, white, and yellow; this is the best annual for beds, sown to form a design—*i.e.*, white in the centre, and the yellow and red radiating from it. It lasts a long time in flower, and makes a fine edging. Zinnia elegans, very showy for autumn. Mignonette will thrive well anywhere, even between paving stones, if the joints are raked out, and the seed covered with a little fresh mould—in fact, it gives out more perfume, grown in this way, than when grown in good borders. Annuals in borders should be sown in the form of rings, as the plants do not get so crowded, and many may be sown around the Tulips, Crocuses, and other bulbs, which will economise the ground, as well as save time.

Mr. Broome, the experienced manager of the Temple Gardens, gives, in a contemporary, some useful hints on city gardening. The great feature, he says, in attending to fresh-purchased evergreens is their watering. If the weather is fine and dry, the plants should be watered every day, and be particular in seeing the water runs out at the bottom of the pot; if not, keep watering till it does. If the water does not pass through the roots freely, get some thin wire and pass it through the roots in five or six places, till you get a free passage. Some people have an idea if a shower of rain falls it gives sufficient water to the plant; this is wrong. If the plant is dry, water it, rain or no rain; water in dry weather with a rose on the water-can, or syringe the foliage every morning to wash off the soot from the leaves. In the case of plants with large leathery or glossy leaves, such as Aucubas, Rhododendrons, Euonymus, &c., get a small sponge and place the leaf in the palm of your hand, and with the wet sponge wipe each leaf carefully; this will take the soot off and make the plant look as fresh as if new from the nursery, and it will also admit air to the plant. The evergreens that thrive best for windows, back-yards, or where required, are the Aucuba, Rhododendron, Box, Euonymus, Arbor-vitæ, Holly, and Evergreen Privets. All the kinds of Ivy are suitable, but the commonest kinds look very well if properly trained from the bottom of the pot upwards, and if allowed plenty of water. If the plants are on the outside windowsils, put a little chip or wedge under the pots, so as to keep them level, or else you cannot water them properly. Also fix in the joints of the wall strong nails half-way up the plant, then get some thin copper wire and fasten it to the nails from one side to the other; this prevents the wind from blowing them down; the copper wire is easily undone and put back again when required, and will last, with care, for years. Iron wire lasts only once or twice, as it breaks.

The *Gardener's Magazine* has the following on plant-houses and frames:—

Conservatory.—The keen searching winds we are now having will soon spoil the flowers of plants from the forcing-house. This structure must be shaded, both for the purpose of screening the plants from the sun, and to keep down the temperature without too much ventilation. Introduce fresh supplies of plants in flower, and remove hard-wooded plants back to the greenhouse directly the beauty of the flower is over, as they are fast pushing into growth, and it is highly essential that it should be made under the influence of a full exposure to the light.

Greenhouse.—Extra care must be paid to watering large specimen New Holland and other hard-wooded plants. Examine each plant, and those that need water should have enough to wet every particle of soil. Any plant that happens to get very dry, and is potted in peat, is best stood in a tub of tepid water long enough to soak every part of the ball. Surface-waterings of potted plants are an abomination in all gardens; better by far toss the plant on the rubbish-heap.

Frames.—Alpines must have more water than heretofore, as they are now growing freely and many are in bloom. Propagating for the summer display must not lag now. Determine at once what alterations are intended to be made in the arrangements of the planting of the various beds and borders as fixed upon in the autumn, to give time to get the proper plants for carrying them out. Dahlias can be now propagated in quantity. Start in warmth, and take the cuttings with a heel.

Boston has "lady pickpockets" who "dress magnificently," and by "fainting away in gentlemen's arms," cause the "downfall of their pocket-books."

Cookery and Domestic Hints.

LEMON PUDDING.—Add the juice of two lemons and the grated rind of one, to eight eggs, well beaten; then melt six ounces of butter, pour it over six ounces of powdered loaf-sugar, and stir it one way until it is quite cold. Then put it with the eggs and lemon, mix all well together, and lay it in a tart-dish edged with paste. Bake for half an hour.

COLLEGE PUDDINGS, FRIED.—We have already given one receipt for fried college puddings, but the following may nevertheless prove useful to many readers. Pound and sift a quarter of a pound of hard biscuit, add to it a quarter of a pound of suet finely chopped, half a pound of currants washed and dried, a little sugar, nutmeg, and salt, and three eggs, with as much milk or cream as will make a stiff batter. Put a spoonful at a time into a frying-pan of hot lard, and when done, serve the pudding garnished with chips of candied lemon peel.

OMELETTE AU SUCRE.—Take eight eggs, beat them well, add an ounce of fine loaf-sugar, and fry it quickly over a bright fire. Then place it in a dish, strew sugar over it, glaze it with a salamander, and serve hot.

BANBURY CAKES.—Make your mincemeat with ¾lb. of currants, 2oz. beef suet, 4oz. candied peel, 4oz. ratafias, and a little nutmeg. Dry the currants after washing, then mix with the finely-chopped suet and other ingredients; next make a good puff paste, roll it thin, divide into the required size; cover one half with the mincemeat, moisten the edges with white of egg, turn the other half over, and glaze it with white of egg and sugar. They require about half an hour's baking. The cakes are usually made in an oval form.

POTATOES A LA MAITRE D'HOTEL.—Every Englishman who goes to the Continent eats potatoes *a la maitre d'hotel*. On his return he is desirous of having them at his own table, a thing that can seldom be accomplished, though the process of preparing them is very simple. It is as follows: Boil the potatoes and let them become cold. Then cut them into rather thick slices. Put a lump of fresh butter into a stewpan, and add a little flour—about a teaspoonful for a middling-sized dish. When the flour has boiled a little while in the butter, add, by degrees, a cupful of broth or water. When this has boiled up, put in the potatoes, with chopped parsley, pepper, and salt. Let the potatoes stew for a few minutes, then take them from the fire, and when quite off the boil, add the yoke of an egg beat up with a little lemon juice and a teaspoonful of cold water. As soon as the sauce has set, the potatoes may be dished up, and sent to table. There are several ways of frying potatoes. The best is to half boil them first, then cut them up into slices, and fry them in butter. When the potatoes are brown, drain off the fat, strew a little salt over them, and let them be eaten while they are hot and crisp.

NESSELRODE PUDDING.—M. Gouffé, in his "Royal Cookery Books," gives the following directions for this luxury: Peel 40 chestnuts; blanch them in boiling water for five minutes; peel off the second skin, and put them in a stewpan with 1 quart of syrup at 168, and 1 stick of vanilla; simmer gently till the chestnuts are done; drain, and press them through a fine hair sieve; put 8 yolks of egg in a stewpan, with ½lb. of pounded sugar, and 1 quart of boiled cream; stir over the fire, without boiling, till the egg begins to thicken; add the chestnut *purée*, and press the whole through a tammy cloth into a basin, and add 1 gill of Maraschino; stone ½lb. of raisins, and wash and pick ½lb of currants; cook both together, in ½ gill of syrup at 308, and 1 gill of water; drain, and let them cool; put a freezing pot in the ice; pour in the chestnut cream, and work it with the spatula; when it is partly frozen, add 3 gills of whipped cream, and continue working with the spatula until the cream is frozen; then add the currants and raisins, and put the pudding into an ice-mould; close it, and put some butter on the opening, to prevent any salt or water penetrating inside; imbed the mould in ice, and let it remain therein for two hours. Make the sauce as follows: Put 3 gills of boiled cream in a stewpan, with 8 yolks of egg, and ½lb of pounded sugar; stir over the fire, without boiling, till the egg begins to thicken; take off the fire, and stir for three minutes more; strain the custard through a tammy cloth, and add ½ gill of Maraschino; put the sauce on the ice until it is very cold, without freezing; turn the pudding out of the mould on to a napkin, on a dish; and serve with the sauce in a boat.

FRANGIPANE PASTE.—Just moisten half a pound of flour with a little milk, put it into a delicately clean saucepan, and beat it well together, then turn it out and stir in 6 well-beaten eggs until sufficiently cold to make into a paste with your hands. Use it for all sorts of tartlets or entremets.

RICE PASTE FOR TARTS.—Take half a pound of rice, 2 eggs, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Boil the rice very tender, and drain all the moisture from it. Put it into a large mortar with a large piece of fresh butter and a well-beaten egg, beat all thoroughly together, and work it with your hands into a paste for tartlets, &c.

SUPPER DISHES.—*Poulet au Macaroni*: Line a pork-pie mould or a pie-dish with light paste; cut up some cold fowl into small pieces, with a little ham or bacon; boil some macaroni quite tender, and cut it in lengths of about an inch, make a gravy of veal stock or milk, thicken it with a little flour; season the meat with salt and pepper to taste, and put it all into a saucepan and simmer it a few minutes. After the paste is placed round the mould or dish, fill it with dry rice, and bake it. When the paste is sufficiently done turn out the rice, and put in a layer of meat and a layer of macaroni alternately, until the mould is full; on the top of all a layer of grated cheese. Turn it out on a dish and serve.—*Oyster Fritters*: Make a stiff batter with one or two eggs, according to the quantity required; season to taste with pepper and salt. Prepare some oysters as if for sauce, dip each into the batter, and fry of a nice brown colour, either in very fresh lard or butter. Lay them on a clean sieve before the fire until every particle of grease has drained from them, and serve them on a hot napkin.—*Fricatelles*: Mince some cold meat (either mutton or beef) very fine, make a paste and roll it out thin; lay the mince thickly upon it, and fold the paste over it, taking care to make the edges adhere together. Then take a rolling-pin and roll the paste all smooth; cut them out with a tin in the shape of cutlets, and fry them of a light brown colour. Serve with a brown gravy.—MATERFAMILIAS.

A magnificent collection of postage stamps of all countries, thought to be the most complete in existence, has just been presented to the French Mint by the director, M. Dumas.

"Two years ago I had a fall which so wrenched my thigh that I could not be moved without great pain. My doctor could give me no relief, nor even encouragement that I should ever be able to walk again. After laying in much pain three weeks I was persuaded to try Perry Davis's Pain Killer, and found almost immediate relief from it, and could in a few weeks walk without aid—MARY RAPSEY, *Hackney, Nov.* 10. 1868." To Perry Davis and Son.

Court and Fashionable News.

THE COURT.

THE QUEEN, accompanied by Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice, drove out at Windsor on Tuesday afternoon last week, and Her Majesty went out on the Wednesday morning, attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe. Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice also went out.

Her Majesty held a Council in the afternoon at three o'clock, at which were present the Earl de Grey and Ripon, Lord President of the Council; the Earl of Kimberley, Lord Privy Seal; the Marquis of Hartington, Postmaster-General; and Viscount Sydney, Lord Chamberlain. Earl de Grey and Ripon had an audience of the Queen.

Lady Fanny Howard left the Castle.

The Queen drove out after the Council, accompanied by Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, and Her Majesty walked and drove in the grounds on Thursday morning with Princess Louise.

Thursday was the twenty-first anniversary of the birthday of her Royal Highness Princess Louise, but in consequence of the very recent death of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg it was celebrated quite privately.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, drove out on Thursday afternoon, attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe; and Her Majesty drove out on Friday, accompanied by Princess Beatrice.

On Saturday the Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise, drove out. Princess Beatrice also went out. Their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess de Joinville visited Her Majesty and remained to luncheon.

In the afternoon the Queen drove out, attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe. Princess Louise and Prince Leopold also went out.

Mr. George and Lady Charlotte Russell arrived at the Castle, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family. The Bishop of Oxford and the Dean of Windsor were also invited.

The Queen, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, attended Divine Service on Sunday morning in the Private Chapel. The Bishop of Oxford preached the sermon.

The Queen walked and drove in the grounds on Monday morning, attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe. Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice also went out.

The Bishop of Oxford and Mr. George and Lady Charlotte Russell left the Castle.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe, drove out on Monday afternoon; and Her Majesty, with Princess Louise, walked and drove in the grounds on Tuesday morning. Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice also went out.

General Hon. C. and Mrs. Grey and the Hon. Mrs. H. Ponsonby had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family on Monday.

Viscount Torrington and Colonel H. L. Gardiner, Royal Horse Artillery, succeeded Lord Lurgan and Major-General F. Seymour, C.B., as Lord and Groom in Waiting to Her Majesty.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The following telegrams reveal the latest movements of their royal highnesses:—

ALEXANDRIA, March 12.—The Prince of Wales arrived at Cairo at ten o'clock last night. All well. The Viceroy of Egypt, who is still at Port Said, is expected at Cairo to-morrow.

CAIRO, March 19.—The Prince of Wales will go to Suez on the 21st inst., to visit the canal. His royal highness proposes to embark at Port Said on board the Ariadne. The Viceroy gives a banquet to the prince to-night.

CAIRO, March 20.—The Prince and Princess of Wales will visit the works of the Suez Canal on Tuesday next. They will embark at Port Said for Constantinople, passing Athens.

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 20.—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales are expected here before the end of the month. Great preparations are being made for a brilliant reception of the royal guests.

ALEXANDRIA, March 22.—The Prince of Wales has changed his plans. His royal highness remains at Cairo for the festival of the Cour Bairam, which lasts three days. He will then proceed to Suez, Port Said, and Alexandria, whence he will embark for Constantinople.

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur will leave Woolwich, on the occasion of his visit to Ireland, on Monday, the 5th of April. The prince will travel for three or four months through Ireland, and probably return to Woolwich at the end of the summer, and continue his military duties till winter, when his Royal Highness will leave on a visit to Canada.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary Adelaide of Teck and his Serene Highness the Prince of Teck honoured the Earl and Countess de Grey by their company at dinner one evening last week, at their residence in Carlton-gardens.

The performances at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, on Saturday evening, were honoured by the presence of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, attended by Lady Geraldine Somerset and Lord Frederick Paulet.

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland have gone to Sion House, where they will remain till after the Easter holidays.

A grand review of the National Guard of Naples was held on the anniversary of the King's birthday. Prince Humbert was present on horseback, accompanied by the Prince of Baden and a brilliant staff. The Princess Margherita was in an open carriage with the Princess of Baden, a lady of honour, and a chamberlain. Just as the march past was about to take place the rain began to fall in torrents; several persons offered umbrellas to the royal party, but her royal highness declined and remained quite unprotected until the ceremony was over. On her leaving, enthusiastic acclamations for the princess were raised on all sides.

Mr. Edward Marjoribanks has taken 15, Park-lane, for the season, and Mrs. Edward Marjoribank's two dances are announced for the 15th and 22nd April.

Lord and Lady Egerton of Tatton have arrived at the family residence in St. James's-square from Brighton, for the season.

Mrs. Russell Sturgis's dance will take place on the 13th of April.

The Earl of Wicklow, Viscount Wicklow, and Baron Clonmore in the peerage of Ireland, also sometime Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Wicklow, died at his town residence, 2, Cavendish-square, on Monday morning. The deceased earl was born in 1788, and succeeded his father in 1818; was elected a representative peer for Ireland in 1823, and in 1829, on the request of his brother-in-law, the Earl of Aberdeen, seconded the address in the House of Lords in favour of Catholic Emancipation. From that time he took a leading part in all debates relating to Ireland.

Viscount Newry has arrived in London from Ceuta, where he has been employed on an official mission.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, as Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, held a levee on Monday afternoon at the Horse Guards. About 100 officers attended.

The Countess de Grey had her sixth and last reception before Easter on Saturday night, at the family residence in Carlton-gardens. Previously to the reception the noble earl and countess entertained at dinner a circle of twenty guests.

We have to announce the death of Admiral Sir Peter Richards, which took place on Tuesday last week. The gallant admiral had reached his eighty-second year; he entered the Navy in 1798 as a first-class volunteer, obtained the rank of lieutenant in September, 1807, and served in the Repulse, 74, Captain Hon. Arthur K. Legge, employed in the expedition to Walcheren, in 1809.

We have to record the death, at Petworth, Sussex, of George, Lord Leconfield, in his eighty-second year. He served on Sir Eyre Coote's staff in the West Indies, accompanied the Walcheren expedition, was present at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, and served with the 12th Dragoons in Catalonia. He married, in 1815, Mary Fanny, only daughter of the Rev. William Blunt, of Carabbett. Upon the death of his father, George O'Brien, Earl of Egremont, he succeeded to his estates, and was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Leconfield in 1859.

The Home Secretary and Mrs. Bruce entertained the Earl and Countess of Arran and Lady Caroline Gore, Lord and Lady Frederick Cavendish, the Right Hon. Sir George Grey, Bart., M.P., and Lady Grey, the Right Hon. the Attorney-General for Ireland, Sir Cecil Beadon, Colonel Henderson, C.B., Mr. E. Knatchbull-Huggessen, M.P., Mr. Parker, &c., at dinner, on Saturday, at their residence, Queen's-gate.

Wednesday last week being St. Patrick's-day, Frances, Countess Waldegrave, had a brilliant reception at the Chief Secretary for Ireland's residence in Carlton-gardens. The guests began to assemble about half-past ten o'clock, and it was long after midnight when carriages ceased to set down company. Her ladyship's saloons presented an animated appearance, from the greater number of the members of the House of Commons present appearing in full uniform, having come from the Speaker's Levee.

Queen Isabella, some of the journals state, has hired the Villa of the Orangerie, near Montmorency.

The Prince and Princess Achille Murat arrived on February 18 at Trebizond, by the packet of the Messageries Impériales Simois. From that port they proceeded to Batoum, on board a Russian steamer which was waiting for them. On the following Saturday they were at Poti; the next day at Cutois; and lastly, on the 23rd, they had left for Tiflis.

Sir Matthew White Ridley and Miss Ridley have arrived at the family residence on Carlton-house-terrace from Blagdon Hall, Northumberland, for the season.

The Earl of Clarendon entertained a select party at dinner on Saturday, at his residence in Grosvenor-crescent.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Hamilton have arrived in town from Cannes, and have taken up their residence at Hampden House, Green-street, for the season.

Lady Frances Gordon and Miss Gordon have returned to town for the season.

A suit, in which the ex-Queen of Spain is one of the parties, has just given rise to an application to a judge sitting in chambers. Her Majesty, before purchasing the Hôtel Basilewski, had hired on lease two adjoining residences in the Champs Elysées, belonging to the Baroness de Montailleur. Certain changes were to be made, but these not being executed in time, the Queen gave notice that she should not take possession of the houses, and also commenced a suit before the Tribunal of Commerce to have the suit annulled. The proprietress resists this pretension on the ground that the delay was caused by the Queen herself, but, pending the decision of the action, applied for permission to restore the premises to their former state, block up the opening in the wall between the two residences made at the request of the tenant, and relet the property without prejudice to her rights. The application was granted.

We have to announce the death of the Rev. Sir Frederick Shelley, Bart., who died on Friday last. He was the second son of Sir John, sixth baronet, by the only daughter and heir of Mr. Thomas Winckley, of Brockholes, Lancashire. He was born in 1809, and married, in 1845, Charlotte Martha, daughter of the Rev. Henry Hippesley, of Lambourne, Berks, and had been rector of Beer Ferris, Devon, since 1844. He succeeded his brother, Sir John Villiers Shelley, seventh baronet, on his death in January, 1867, who, it will be recollected, was member of Parliament for Westminster in the House of Commons from July, 1852, to July, 1865. He is succeded by his son John, born in 1848.

Sir John Thomas Selwin, Bart., died on Saturday last at his residence, Down Hall, Harlow, Essex, aged eighty-five. The late Sir John Thomas Selwin, Bart., was the fourth son of the late Sir James Ibbetson, second baronet, who died in 1795, by the daughter of Mr. Caygill, of Shore House, Yorkshire. He was born in 1786, and married a daughter of the late General John Leveson-Gower, of Bill Hill, Berks. He succeeded his nephew in the baronetcy in 1861, and assumed the name of Selwin in 1825. The deceased baronet is succeeded by his son, Henry John, born in 1826.

DEATH OF LADY MILES, OF LEIGH COURT.—On Tuesday the intelligence became known in Bristol that Lady Miles, wife of Sir William Miles, Bart., who for many years represented East Somerset, and who is head of the eminent banking firm of Sir William Miles, Bart., and Co., had died in the course of the morning at the family mansion, Leigh Court, Somerset. The deceased lady had been in delicate health for a long time, but her death was, after all, somewhat sudden, being the result of a severe attack of pleurisy, with which she was seized a few days ago, and which resisted all the skill of her physicians. Lady Miles was about seventy years of age.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

The village of Marnhull, Dorsetshire, presented a gay scene on Saturday week, the 13th inst., occasioned by the marriage of Miss Grace Mayne, daughter of the late Major Otway Mayne, commandant of Irregular Cavalry, to Percival Hambro, second son of Baron Hambro, of Milton Abbey, Dorset. At an early hour in the morning the villagers were busy erecting triumphal arches, with appropriate mottoes for the future happiness of the bridal pair. The service was fixed for half-past eleven, and shortly before that time the bridegroom, accompanied by his groomsman, Capt. Unett, arrived at the church, where he was received by the friends and relations of both parties, who were already assembled to witness the ceremony, which was rendered more interesting than usual from the extreme youth of the bride. Punctually at half-past eleven all eyes were arrested by the entrance of the bride, gracefully robed in white satin, with a magnificent Brussels lace veil and wreath of jasmine and orange blossoms. She was led to the altar by her mother and attended by the following bridesmaids: Misses Mabel and Aurea Mayne (sisters of the bride), Misses M. and E. Trench (cousins of the bride), and the Misses Okedon, who were most becomingly attired in white cerise with bonnets to match. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. Otway Mayne, of Stroud, Kent (uncle of the bride), assisted by the Rev. Richard Roberts, Vicar of Milton Abbas, Dorset, and the bride was given away by her uncle, T. Turner Farley, Esq.

The marriage of Lady Agnes Courtenay, only daughter of the Earl of Devon, and the Hon. Charles L. Wood, eldest son of Viscount Halifax, is to take place next month.

A marriage is arranged to take place between Miss Hawley, daughter of Sir Joseph Hawley, and Captain Barrington Campbell, of the Scots Fusilier Guards.

A marriage is on the *tapis* between an Irish marquis and the lovely and accomplished daughter of an Irish viscount.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of Admiral John Rivett-Carnac, R.N., late of Seymour-street, Portman-square, was proved in London on the 10th instant, by Sir John Rivett-Carnac, Bart., his nephew; Mrs. Rivett-Carnac, the relict; Mr. Francis E. Guise, Middle Temple; and Mr. Alexander F. Tweedie, Esq., Ely-place, the executors and trustees. The personalty was sworn under 14,000*l.* The will was executed in 1853, and a codicil, 1858. He leaves to his wife, beyond all other bequests, a life interest in one third of his property, with power of disposal over her share; but in default thereof the same is left amongst all his children. The remaining two-thirds he leaves amongst his three daughters, but stipulates as to the amount to each, regard being had so as to assimilate their share with that under settlement.

The will of Colonel William Henry Stopford-Blair, Royal Artillery, late of Penninghame, Wigton, N.B., and of Portman-square, was proved in London on the 22nd ult., by Mr. James Stopford-Blair, his son, and Mr. Stewart Macnaughten, the personalty being sworn under 140,000*l.* His will bears date 1848, and a codicil 1866. He has bequeathed to his only daughter, Elizabeth Ellen Maxwell, on the decease of his two sisters, Catherine and Jane, two sums of 10,000*l.* each, in addition to her fortune; and, after making a few bequests, he appoints his only son, James Stopford-Blair, his residuary legatee.

The will of Mr. William Ewart, M.P., was proved in the London Court, under 70,000*l.* personalty. The hon. member, who died at the age of seventy, had represented in Parliament, at various periods since 1828, Bletchingly, Liverpool, Wigan, and lately Dumfries.

TURKISH COSTUMES.—Several questions having been addressed to us upon the subject of Turkish costumes, we make the following extracts from "Travels and Researches in Asia Minor," by Sir Charles Fellows: "The variety of costume, occasioned by the different orders or sects of the Turks, is quite curious. It would be an endless task to describe the varieties, all very unlike the European; and nothing but the pencil could convey an idea of the various headdresses. I have just seen a man with a turban, which I took for a small sack of flour placed upon his head. The women, although they contrive to have a good view of strangers at a distance, cover up all but one eye as they approach; and some are always thus ensconced, having a horsehair mask or cowl over the upper part of the face, and the lower part concealed in the same white sheet which covers the rest of the body. The dresses are splendidly embroidered, a Turk thinking it nothing extraordinary to give fifteen or twenty pounds for a jacket. I saw a child whose clothes must have cost sixty or seventy pounds, the embroidery being a mass of gold, and one set of clothes was put over another; the child was not above eight years old, but was probably the pet of some wealthy merchant. The expenditure of the Turks in dress is enormous, and of the Greeks also; at Syra I saw a celebrated Albanian chief of great wealth in full dress, which I heard, independently of the jewels, was worth many hundred pounds. . . . The dresses of Europe would ill bear comparison with their unstudied costume, which was beautiful in its negligence, each dress differing from the others in taste, but all gaily coloured and loose, falling in the natural folds of the drapery. The use of starch or the smoothing iron is unknown in the country. The display of wealth in the dresses may in description appear ridiculous, but the effect was classical. The cap of the mother was formed of Turkish gold coins, the intrinsic value of which must have been at least 150*l.*; it partially covered the forehead, and hung down the sides of the face: the coins were arranged as scales of fish or armour, and long chains or a *négligé* of the same hung from the neck down to the waist, with a larger coin in the centre. The children had the same display of rich ornaments; even the one in arms had almost a helmet of gold coins. . . . I cannot help noticing the close resemblance of the costume of the women to the ancient statues; the hair is worn long and braided round the head; one old woman of the party had it tied in a knot to the top of the forehead, exactly as I have seen represented in the antique. Their arms had each the simple armlet or bracelet of gold; sometimes two or three on one wrist, and always a fibula of silver or gold to hold together the loose tunic or shirt; the upper jacket is embroidered most richly; the trousers, extremely loose, and confined at the ankle, are generally red, blue, or white, and often ornamented with silver embroidery or spangles; those before us were only worked with coloured silks."

THE MANUFACTURE OF JEWELLERY.—The striking development of Fine Art productions in this branch of the industrial trades since the period of the Great Exhibition, is admirably exemplified in a most interesting little work just published by Mr. J. W. Benson, who holds the appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and H.H. the Maharajah of Burdwan, of 25, Old Bond-street; 99, Westbourne-grove; and the City Steam Factory, 58 and 60, Ludgate-hill. It is profusely illustrated with the most beautiful designs of Bracelets, Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, &c., &c., in every conceivable style, and with prices attached; and thus the intending purchaser is enabled to make a selection suited to his taste, and have it forwarded to any part of the United Kingdom, India, or the Colonies. The price of this most useful guide is Twopence, for which it is forwarded post free, and to any one who contemplates a purchase, either for personal wear or for a wedding, birthday, Christmas, or other present, it will be found of the very greatest service.

Interesting Items.

A CURIOUS case of persistent bad temper is reported from Burlescombe, in Devonshire. A girl, the daughter of John James, of Culmstock, was living in service at a farmhouse. On the 23rd of last month, her master offended her in some way, and she suddenly disappeared. It was thought she had drowned herself, and the police made a search for her. She was found, however, at the end of eighteen days on her master's farm premises, having subsisted in the meantime, it is said, on carrots and water.

A romantic attempt at suicide has occurred at the Duchess of Beaufort's Wood, Stoke-park, near Bristol. A young man of the grade of a commercial clerk, named William Derman, had, in company with a young woman named Ireland, to whom he was paying his addresses, walked out from Bristol to the wood, which is a favourite walk with the residents of that city. Whilst in the wood some disagreement arose, and young Derman left his companion and went away. Finding that, after a lapse of many minutes, he did not return, Miss Ireland went in search of him, and was horrified at finding her lover suspended by his handkerchief from the branch of a tree. As soon as the first shock had passed over, the young woman, with much presence of mind, climbed up the tree, and having no knife of any kind to cut the noose, and being unable to untie the knot, she seized the handkerchief with her teeth and so far managed to tear it that it became unequal to the young man's weight, and he fell to the ground. Having removed the pressure from his neck, she screamed for assistance, and some labourers who were working in an adjacent field hastened to the spot. The young man was insensible, but the loan of a waggonette was obtained, through the kindness of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, and the rash youth, who is only about nineteen years of age, was driven with all speed to the Bristol Royal Infirmary. He received every attention from the surgeons of that institution, but he nevertheless lies in a very precarious state.

The omnibus which runs from the railway station at Mondovi to Fossano, in Italy, was attacked by robbers a few days ago, and the passengers were robbed of a sum of 18,000f., of which 12,000f. belonged to the proprietor of a silk factory at Ceva.

The Countess of Derwentwater has, it is said, instituted a suit in the Queen's Bench in support of her claim—"Ratcliffe *v.* Pattison"—but this cannot come on until after the Easter Term. Whether the facts of the Countess's claim will be gone into on that occasion, or the mere right of obstructing the highway, remains to be seen. Mr. Manisty, Q.C., and Mr. Mellish, Q.C., are opposed in this cause, being retained to argue for the respective parties.

Mr. Purcell, the counsel for the infant baronet—in the Tichborne Baronetage Case—Sir Henry Alfred D. Tichborne, who has been sojourning at New York for some days, has arrived with the remaining portions of the evidence taken before the commissions at Valparaiso and Melipilla. This evidence has been duly lodged in court, and has been opened by the officials of the court, in the presence of Mr. Dobinson (agent for Mr. Bowker), Mr. Cullington, and Mr. Moojen's clerk.

An inquest has been held at the King's Head Tavern, Bow, on the body of Harriet Grey, aged eighty-one. The deceased lady, who was in affluent circumstances, had, since the death of her husband, become very peculiar in her habits and manners, frequently denying herself the common necessaries of life. She had discharged all her servants and lived alone. On Friday morning last her nephew went to her house to pay her a visit, and found her bleeding from a self-inflicted wound in her throat. A medical man was sent for, and he attended immediately, but death soon put an end to her sufferings. A verdict of suicide whilst of unsound mind was returned.

Miss Emily Faithfull has been lecturing again at the Hanover-square Rooms, on the subject to which she has devoted so much attention. She commenced by showing the necessity for enlarging the sphere of female occupation, and dwelt upon the evils arising from want of thoroughness and training. How could people expect women of thirty and forty years of age, who have been brought up in the idea that all they want will always be provided for them—suddenly, in the teeth of some overwhelming sorrow, to acquire new habits of life or find the means of learning a business? This was the source of daily suffering, and ladies so placed came to her office continually, asking for work of any kind to relieve their pressing necessities. If parents wished to save the coming generation from the miseries the present is enduring, they must accept this new condition of things, and make it a personal matter. Several schemes had been proposed on behalf of single women. There were many feminine occupations from which they were excluded by mere force of custom; as, for instance, hair-dressing, an occupation peculiarly fitted for feminine fingers. Yet there was only one establishment in London in which women are thus employed, and their work is very satisfactory. Whatever facts were learnt, and whatever measures were recommended, little could be done for women without a due provision of education, general and special; and as one who daily witnesses the distress suffered by women cast upon their own resources, she concluded by claiming for them less precarious means of subsistence, higher education, and a larger share in the intellectual pursuits and practical concerns of life.

Miss Garrett, a licentiate of the Apothecaries' Society of London, has this week been admitted, by special order of the French Minister of Instruction, to the first of the series of examinations for the degree of doctor of medicine of Paris, without having complied with the usual conditions of residence, &c. The examination was public, and the theatre was crowded. Miss Garrett passed an excellent examination; and the complimentary words addressed to her by M. Broca, the president of the examiners, were cheered by the students and others present. Three ladies are now pursuing medical studies in the Paris School, in common with the male students of the medical classes.

ACTION FOR BREACH OF PROMISE AGAINST A LADY.—At York assizes, before Mr. Baron Cleasby, a breach of promise of marriage case was disposed of—namely, "Watson *v.* Strangeways and wife." The case has excited a good deal of interest. The plaintiff, a young man, an articled clerk at York, was engaged to Miss Heap, daughter of Captain Heap, who resides near that city. The young lady, however, after making the promise of marriage, did not fulfil her engagement, and married Mr. Strangeways, a gentleman living at Alnehall, near Easingwold. The learned counsel on each side intimated that an arrangement had been made, and the defendants had consented to submit to a verdict against them of 500*l.* damages. A verdict to that effect was recorded. The court was crowded with ladies at the time, and much disappointment was experienced by them at the result. Dissimilarity in the dispositions of the plaintiff and Miss Heap was stated to be the principal cause why the engagement was broken off.

The ladies' committee who have for a year past been collecting money, and distributing it for the support of the families of Fenian prisoners, reply, in the *Irishman*, to Cardinal Cullen's hint that they had 1,000*l.* in hand. They received that sum through Archbishop M'Hale in 1867, and have expended it in supporting 110 families since then.

It is rumoured that the presidency of the Royal Botanic Society, Regent's-park, vacant by the death of Earl De la Warr, will be offered to Prince Teck. If such should be the choice of the council, it would no doubt be readily ratified by the society, whilst it would give satisfaction to the public.

Another incident relative to the marriage of priests has just occurred at Naples. The Court of Appeal in that city was called on to revise a decision of the Tribunal of Salerno, which had interdicted a marriage of that nature. The advocate of the appellant took the purely legal view of the question, arguing that priests had the same rights as other citizens, that the civil code only was sovereign, and that whoever presented himself to the authorities ought to be received as a citizen, the law having nothing to do with any scruples of conscience. The Advocate-General followed in the same sense, and whilst he was drawing his conclusions the greatest excitement prevailed in the court, many persons being scarcely able to suppress their indignation, whilst others gave vent to their satisfaction by vociferous applause. In the end, the tribunal ordered the civil officer to proceed to the formalities required for effecting the marriage.

The last of the great convent case has not yet been heard, as, in all probability, the defendants will appeal against the finding of the jury, which certain authorities have pronounced to be bad in law. The jury found for the plaintiff on the counts for libel and conspiracy, and for the defendants on the remaining counts, but assessed the damages *generally*, and this, it is stated, is a finding which the Lord Chief Justice ought not to have received in such a shape. The result is that, in all probability, a motion will be made in the full Court to enter the verdict for the defendants, or, should that be refused, for a new trial. The bare idea of a new trial is too terrible for contemplation. Mr. Mellish and Mr. Hawkins, the leading counsel for the convent, declare they have lost several thousand pounds by the trial, as both learned gentlemen could have obtained much larger fees by appearing in the election courts.

The stipendiary magistrate at Hull has just had a case before him which made patent the fact that there are more hippophagists amongst us than most people are aware of. A butcher was recently detected removing from a knacker's premises a sack full of dainty morsels of horseflesh, which he intended to "work up" into "polonies." He declared he purchased the meat for beef, but this the knacker denied, and blurted out the statement that he held a commission to supply the "polony man" with three dead horses per week, and that once he added to the bargain a large dead dog. He was sent for trial.

The Queen, in order to mark the interest she takes in the success of the National Cottage Hospital for Consumption, Ventnor, has consented to depute a member of the Royal Family to lay, in July next, the foundation-stone of the second pair of buildings.

Two men, named Samuel Wilson and Benjamin Brown, living at Alford, in Lincolnshire, have been tried at the Lincoln Assizes for obtaining money by false pretences. Wilson inserted in several provincial papers the following advertisement: "500*l.* will be given to any one who will adopt a child three months old. Enclose stamped envelope to C. A., North Villa, Alford, Lincolnshire." A great number of answers were sent to this advertisement, and to these Wilson replied stating that the application was satisfactory, and that the affair should be settled at once, but asking that 5s. in stamps should be sent as an assurance of good faith. Wilson went to the post-office to receive the answers to the numerous letters to this effect which he had written, and received forty-three, enclosing stamps; but as soon as he got outside the office he was seized by the police. Other letters enclosing stamps were afterwards received at the office, and taken by the police. In all there were 370 letters, containing generally 5s. in stamps, but one of them contained an additional inducement to a speedy settlement of the proposed arrangement in the form of a 5*l.* note. Some of the letters applying for the stamps were in the handwriting of Brown, who was shown to be a personal friend of Wilson, and was found lying on a sofa in Wilson's house, under which some of the letters had been secreted. One or two of the women who had confided in the prisoners were called, and were asked in cross-examination whether it was not the 500*l.* which had made them so eager; but they declared that they did not prefer the 500*l.* to the baby, and one of them, being asked which she liked best answered "both." The jury found both the prisoners guilty.

The other day three ladies, the daughters of the Earl of Bantry, had a singularly narrow escape from fearful injury, if not from death. They had driven out on a side-car, from Macroom Castle, the vehicle being drawn by a young and spirited horse, driven by the family coachman. When crossing the bridge, to the east of the town, the horse became restive, and swerving violently, attempted to leap the parapet. This he would inevitably have done and borne his burden with him, but for the skill and firmness with which the coachman held him in. As it was, he half accomplished his object, and lay balanced on the parapet, his forelegs dangling over the river. In this position the horse remained until some persons who had witnessed the occurrence hastened to the spot, and, by cutting the traces, released the animal from the car and his dangerous position at once. The ladies were, of course, very much terrified. Had the horse cleared the parapet of the bridge, the vehicle and its occupants would in all probability have followed, and the height from the bed of the river (very shallow at that part) being considerable, the fall would, almost to a certainty, have involved destruction to all or some of the party.

It is reported that the Queen intends to revisit Switzerland this summer. The Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to return to this country about the 10th of May.

Sir John Thwaites, the chairman, and the members of the Metropolitan Board of Works, paid a visit of inspection on Saturday morning to the Columbia-market, Shoreditch. Miss Burdett Coutts, who attended to receive the members of the Board, was accompanied by the Earl of Harrowby, K.G., and the committee appointed for the arrangement of the market—viz., Mr. Edmund C. Johnson, one of the magistrates for the county of Middlesex, chairman; Mr. H. A. Darbishire, of 4, Trafalgar-square, the architect of the market; Mr. J. Hassard, of Great George-street, Westminster, Miss Coutts's secretary; and Mr. Gerald B. Young, the secretary of the market committee. After passing through the various portions of the market, which is situate in Columbia-square, close to Shoreditch Church, and which affords the most ample accommodation, Sir John Thwaites and his colleagues were entertained at luncheon by the committee. It was announced that the market will be formally opened on Wednesday, the 28th of April next.

An application was recently made to the Clerkenwell police magistrate, on behalf of a married woman, for an order to protect her property from her husband, who had deserted her and his seven children five years ago, and had since been living with another woman. Before going away the man sold up nearly all his property, and left his wife and family in great distress. The woman went into business to support herself and her children, and the husband, on learning this, broke into the house one night and took away most of the property. The wife, having come into a little property, wished it protected against her husband, who is in London, but where she did not exactly know. The magistrate said he thought it was a case for the Divorce-court and not for the police-court, but as it was a case of some importance he took time to look into the matter, and on Monday morning said that he would grant a protection order.

A sad discovery has been made at Sudbury. The bodies of two women, mother and daughter, aged respectively seventy and thirty-four, were found in the cottage in which they lived, and where they appear to have died of starvation. The mother had evidently been dead a long time, and her body had actually been "laid out" by the daughter. The two women were formerly in good circumstances, and were in business as milliners and dressmakers, but latterly they had been reduced to poverty. A young man named Stevens had lodged with them until about three months ago; and in the pocket of the younger woman was found a letter written by him from London, giving a painful story of his endeavours to obtain employment there and begging for money.

Francis Thomas Jones, a lodging-house keeper at Hastings, has been tried at the Lewes Assizes for cruel treatment of his own child, Lily, a baby two years and eight months old. The child, it appeared, was sickly and delicate, had some kind of deformity in the legs, and was rather dirty in its habits; and both the parents seem to have treated it very harshly. One day in August last, the father coming home, and hearing that the child had misbehaved itself, took it, while it was quite naked, and beat it for some minutes with a small cane. The child screamed very much, and one of the witnesses stated that its body was afterwards covered with large black marks. For the defence witnesses were called who gave the prisoner a good character as "a very good sort of fellow," and "a kind, good-hearted, amiable man." The jury found him guilty, and the judge (Mr. Hawkins, Q.C.) sentenced him to twelve months' hard labour.

Michael Crowley, the man who was so fearfully burnt by his wife throwing paraffin oil over him at Liverpool, died on Sunday. On Tuesday last week he was so bad that it was thought necessary to take his deposition. He alleges that his wife threw the oil over him in a passion; the wife states that she was struck first, but she does not know how the oil caught fire.

OUR BRITISH GIRLS.

FOR MUSIC.

A TOAST for ev'ry British tongue,
To stir each true-born heart;
To raise a smile round lips at home,
Abroad, make tear-drops start—
Abroad, make tear-drops start, my boys,
More precious far than pearls,
When pour'd as a libation to
The far-off British girls!

A toast to circle round our isles,
And spread from sea to sea;
To find an echo in all homes
Where British hearts may be;
Where British hearts may be, my boys,
And Union Jack unfurls,
Our gallant lads will ne'er forget
The far-off British girls!

A toast for all our island home,
Theme for our poets' lays—
To glorify our words and deeds,
And unify our ways;
And unify our ways, my boys,
Poor man's to belted earl's,
The thought that both are kindred to
Those bonnie British girls!

A toast to flash from lip to lip,
And rouse each manly breast;
To pay adoring homage to
The lass that each loves best;
The lass that each loves best, my boys,
Black, brown, or golden curls;
We'll drink to them with loving hearts,
Our bonnie British girls!

JOHN INGRAM.

The American papers report the conclusion of Mr. Charles Reade's action for libel against the *Round Table*, which journal had denounced "Griffith Gaunt" as immoral. In his address to the jury Mr. Reade's counsel went into an elaborate calculation to show that probably from 40,000 to 50,000 persons read the alleged libel, and reckoning the damage done to Mr. Reade by the impression produced in their minds at twenty-five cents in each case, he was entitled at least to 10,000 dollars as damages. Another source of injury was that the libel deterred respectable persons from buying Messrs. Ticknor and Field's high-priced edition of the book, in which the author had an interest, while it floated off a cheap "spurious" edition from which Mr. Reade got no benefit whatever. The judge charged the jury that the question was not whether there were immoral characters or incidents in the work, but whether the immorality was "polished over" so as to be made an incentive to imitation. The jury, after deliberating for three-quarters of an hour, returned a verdict for the plaintiff, with six cents damages.

BREAKFAST—EPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks: "The singular success which Mr. Epps attained by his homœopathic preparation of cocoa has never been surpassed by any experimentalist. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold by the trade only in ½lb., ¼lb., and 1lb. tin-lined packets, labelled James Epps and Co., homœopathic chemists, London.

Notes Interesting and Odd.

THE agony column of the *Times* recently presented the following three-volume novel condensed into a paragraph :—"P D C E.—Papa has arrived. Knows 'all.' I refused your name. Fearful scene. Proposed. Accepted. Should we ever meet, 'Remember,' utter strangers. Don't write, unsafe. Pity and forget me. Farewell for ever.—Greenwich."

A Chicago woman's rights organ states that the woman's movement means, among other things, her sovereignty in the parental realm, and her first right to woo, instead of waiting to be wooed.

A lady in Iowa county advertises herself as an "attorneyess at-law." The *New York Herald* supposes we shall next have the farmeress petitioning the Presidentess for a commission for a daughter as an officeress in the army.

Los Angeles County, California, has hitherto been celebrated for its wine product, and it is now proposed to add that of the cultivation of silk. A leading firm in the new enterprise are putting out 60,000 mulberry trees, as a first instalment towards making silk on a very extended scale. They have a beautiful rancho at San Gabriel Mission, nine miles above Los Angeles. They have hired forty families of Chinese, skilled silk workers, who are engaged for four years, and will be comfortably housed in adobe cottages, with ample gardens. At the expiration of the term, each family will be entitled to a deed of ownership for its house and garden.

A series of letters from Constantinople recently published in the *Perseveranza* of Milan contain some interesting information about the court and domestic life of the Turkish capital. From these it appears that the Sultan "is an indolent man, of lymphatic temperament; he has not had much education, and understands no European language but French, of which he can speak a few words. His favourite occupation is to look after his poultry yard, which contains the rarest specimens of hens, ducks, geese, swans, &c. He gives enormous prices for rare birds, and passes hours in feeding his hens and watching his cocks fight. Among the higher officials of his court there are a few able men, but the great majority of them, like the general body of the *employés* of the State, are ignorant and inefficient. Though the interior of a harem is still—notwithstanding the spread of European notions among the Turks—strictly closed to all male visitors, the society of foreign ladies is eagerly sought by the wives of all the higher functionaries. The rooms they occupy, even in the wealthiest houses, are low and dark, and furnished in very bad taste, chiefly owing to the mania of the Turkish women for tawdry ornaments from Vienna or Paris. By the side of the finest specimens of Oriental art may frequently be seen a vase of common Bohemian glass, with dusty wax flowers, which they prize more highly than many of the beautiful ornaments of their native manufacture. The same is the case with their dress . . . which is a caricature of the fashions of Paris. They have discarded the velvet jacket and trousers, for stays, shiny boots, long trains, and immense chignons. . . . It has also become the fashion to learn music, and a teacher on the pianoforte (of course a lady) has made a fortune by giving lessons in the harems. Another fashion is to have your portrait taken. Their favourite artist is an Englishwoman—a Miss Curtis. Some time ago this lady was commissioned to paint a full-length portrait of one of the Sultanas. The Sultana was short and stout, and Miss Curtis painted her accordingly. This, however, gave great offence, and the Sultana insisted on her being made a foot taller, saying that as she was only nineteen years old, she would be sure to grow to that size. But instead of growing taller, the Sultana only grew stouter; so that at the end of a twelvemonth the portrait was almost unrecognisable. Miss Curtis was then requested to paint the picture a third time, and it is now nailed up to the ceiling of the harem."

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The Humourist.

A LADY'S hair is stated to be like news, because it is found in morning papers.

Many young men are so improvident, they can't keep anything but late hours.

A wit being requested to say a good thing, laconically responded, "Oysters!"

A SONG FROM THE SUDS.

Queen of my tub, I merrily sing
While the white foam rises high;
And sturdily wash, and rinse, and wring,
And fasten the clothes to dry;
Then out in the free fresh air they swing,
Under the summer sky.

I wish we could wash from our hearts and souls
The stains of the week away;
And let water and air, by their magic, make
Ourselves as pure as they;
Then on the earth there would be indeed
A glorious washing-day.

Along the path of a useful life
Will heart's-ease ever bloom;
The busy mind has no time to think
Of sorrow, or care, or gloom;
And anxious thoughts may be swept away,
As we busily wield a broom.

I am glad the task to me is given
To labour at day by day,
For it brings me health, and strength, and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say,
"Head, you may think, Heart, you may feel,
But Hand, you shall work alway!"

"THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR."—"An Expectant One" naively remarks that distant relations when making their wills are invariably "very close."

"Cheaper than dirt" would be a pertinent label for cases of soap.

A natural arithmetician.—The blind adder.

A lady with the "Grecian bend" considered herself insulted when she was told, a few days ago, that rheumatic liniment would restore her shape.

An experienced old gentleman says that all that is required for the enjoyment of love or sausages is confidence.

A firm conviction—transportation.

A smart thing—mustard plaster.

The individual who broke the ice with his maiden speech was drowned by applause.

"What's that?" asked a schoolmaster, pointing to the letter X." "It's daddy's name." "No, you blockhead, it's X. "'Taint X neither; it's daddy's name, for I seed him write it many a time."

A Blunder Bus.—One that takes you half-a-mile out of the way.

Agricultural Machines.—Farm Labourers.

A "Rara Avis in Terris."—Miss Swann.

A SEA DIRGE.

There are certain things—as a spider, a ghost,
The income tax, gout, an umbrella for three—
That I hate; but the thing that I hate the most
Is a thing they call the sea.

. . . . . .

If you like coffee with sand for dregs,
A decided hint of salt in your tea,
And a fishy taste in the very eggs,
By all means choose the sea.

And if, with these dainties to drink and eat,
You prefer not a vestige of grass or tree,
And a chronic state of wet in your feet,
Then I recommend the sea.

. . . . . .

Once I met a friend in the street,
With wife, and nurse, and children three—
Never again such a sight may I meet
As that party from the sea!

Their looks were sullen, their steps were slow,
Convicted felons they seemed to be;
"Are you going to prison, dear friend?" "Oh no!
We're returning—from the sea!"

J. CARROLL.

"Julia, my dear," said old Professor H., the other day, to his young and pretty wife, "when I die you will be rich; but if you ever so far forget me as to marry again, I will come from the grave to your bridal couch, and put my cold hands upon you." "Ah, do not fear, my dear husband," replied she, playfully, "*you will never live to see that.*" "I am delighted to hear you say so, my love," replied the old man, abstractedly.

THE LETTER H.—Sir James Scarlett, when at the bar, had to cross-examine a witness whose evidence it was thought would be very damaging, unless he could be bothered a little, and his only vulnerable point was said to be his self-esteem. The witness presented himself in the box—a portly over-dressed person, and Scarlett took him in hand.—*Q.* Mr. John Tomkins, I believe?—*A.* Yes. *Q.* You are a stockbroker? *A.* I *ham!* Scarlett regarded him attentively for a few moments, and then said—"And a very fine, well-dressed *ham* you are, sir!" The shout of laughter which followed completely disconcerted the witness, and the counsel's point was gained.

(From *Punch.*)

A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY GAINED.—Scotch excursionist: "Ye dinna charge a bawbee at a' the brigs in toon—di ye?" Toll-keeper: "Oh, no; Blackfriars and London-bridge are free." Scotch excursionist (repocketing coin): "E—eh then, wud ye be kind eneuch just to direct me to Lunnon-bridge?"

Habit-ual Criminals.—Exorbitant tailors.

PUFFER'S ENGLISH.—In the catalogue of the articles to be disposed of at the sale of old Beautiful-for-ever's effects in Bond-street, one chattel was described in vulgar auctioneers' slang as a "matchless" sideboard. Why matchless? Was there no match to it, or no match in it? Did it contain no matches, or was there no sideboard out so good as to be a match for the old woman's?

New Member.—"The ear of the House."

NATURAL ENOUGH.—The entrance-doors of the South Kensington Museum are lettered, "Ingress," "Egress." The other day a visitor was overheard wondering where the Ogress was.

FAITHFUL EVER.—Magistrate's clerk (swearing witness): "Kiss the book, Mr. Jolter." Mr. Jolter (exemplary old peasant—"never been before the justices in his life"): "Noa, noa, I bean't a-goin' to kiss nobody 'cept my ow'd woman!"

A Flat Race.—Simpletons.

(From *Fun*).

IT'S AN ILL WIND.

The wind, I see, stays E— due E—
And doesn't make a wee stir;
But, oh, dear me! why should it be
So Easterly at Easter.

A "HUM"-MING BIRD.—The Canard.

AYE, I.—Why is the difference between food and illness a mere question of point of view?—Because it depends on the site of the "i" whether it is aliment or ailment.

The *Court Circular*, of Saturday, October 24, says: "An important discovery has just been made, that Cocoa, peculiarly prepared, forms the best and most nutritious food for animals of all descriptions. The experience of all consumers proves that horses, cows, or pigs, who partake of this food, mixed along with their other provender, are in a much healthier condition, yield more produce, and are less liable to disease than cattle fed in the ordinary manner. Another great advantage is that by its use a considerable saving is effected. We recommend our readers to give the new condiment called the 'Nutritious Cocoa Extract' a fair trial, as we are sure, while they benefit pecuniarily, their animals will physically improve. The proprietors are the North British Cattle Food Company, of 173, Bishopsgate-street, E.C., who will be glad to forward a sample of 250 feeds for 10s., or 1,000 feeds for 34s.

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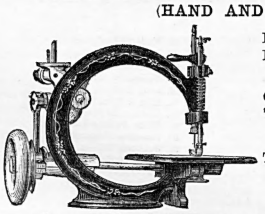

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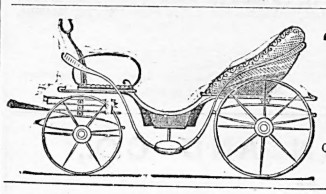

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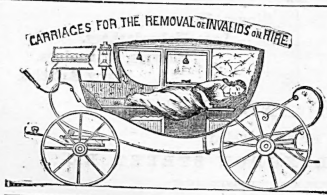

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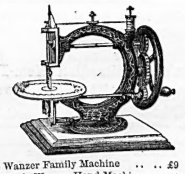

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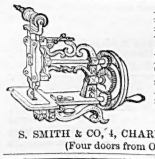

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